

# LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

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Twenty-Second Year— May 22, 1915

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# THE GRAPHIC

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

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Editor



## HINTS TO A MAYORALTY CANDIDATE

DESPITE the acquittal of Chief Sebastian on alleged charges of immorality, which certainly should reinstate him in public confidence, there is an undercurrent of distrust, which crops out here and there, hardly fair to the exonerated official, due, perhaps, to the flamboyant manner in which the trial was conducted. One hardly knew from the daily reports whether or not the accused official were in the stocks or if his chief counsel were on exhibition. Why an innocent man, as Chief Sebastian has been shown by a jury of his peers to be, cannot face a set of perjured women without a lawyer is one of the ironies of life. If, after taking the God-strike-me-dead oath of denial the chief felt it necessary to employ a criminal lawyer, usually engaged in defending dubious cases, he must not think it strange that reasoning people form erroneous conclusions. To that extent the candidate for mayor is self-blameable.

Perhaps, the best way to dispel the element of doubt that persists is to begin a vigorous prosecution of the chief witness against him for perjury. With a conviction thus gained, after another trial, in which we would suggest that any lawyer in good standing at the bar might act for him, he could confidently expect a majority vote of his fellow citizens at the coming election. Another argument that is being used with forcible effect against his candidacy just now is that a certain publisher in this city has been promised the naming of any appointments Sebastian may have to make as the price of the support of his newspapers. We had supposed it was for past services rendered rather than for future favors, but, if the latter, it would be advisable for the chief to deny with the same vigor expressed at the trial so insidious a charge.

It must be admitted that a tamer municipal election campaign seldom has been experienced in Los Angeles. Opposed to the uncertainty noted in regard to Sebastian is the utter lack of enthusiasm inspired by the head of the Whiffenpoofs whose doddering actions in the council bespeak a still more wavering attitude in the mayor's chair. It is irritating enough to come in contact with a councilman whose mind is a continuous teeter-totter, but how much more exasperating to find this wobbly trait paramount—if anything so illusive can be thus designated—in a city executive. As for the leading candidates for the council—shown to be such by the primary vote—almost without exception they are of a painfully uninspiring type of Barkises, whose services in the past hardly give cause for hope-

ful predictions in the event of their re-election. That they will probably be successful is a terrible reflection on the elective system which gives the meritorious individual candidate absolutely no show unless he is prepared to spend money like a drunken sailor. Either that or be indorsed by the butchers, the bakers, the brewers, the bricklayers, the waiters, the laundrymen, and other sets and organizations. To attain this distinction costs a heap of hard cash these materialistic days, as many a left-at-the-post candidate can testify.

## ARBITRATION WITH CESSATION

PERHAPS, it was inevitable that the German papers should refer to the Lusitania as an "assistant cruiser," carrying mounted guns, thereby presenting a valid excuse for the torpedoing of the liner. Unfortunately, for this attempt at evading what was a wanton disregard of the humanities, the evidence to the contrary is clear. Collector of the Port Malone, who inspected the doomed vessel, has stated positively that no guns were found on her, so that phase of the subject is definitely closed. Careful reading of the influential journals of the United States fails to reveal any attempts at justification of the cowardly act save only in papers like the Abenpost of Chicago, which, years ago, was found similarly championing the bomb-throwing of that group of anarchists which later came to grief on the scaffold. In contrast to so un-American an attitude is the sentiment expressed by many level-headed German-Americans that a worse blunder had not been committed by the German authorities, since the outbreak of the war.

In addition to the unanimity of conclusion in this country as to the ruthlessness of the deed, which was by no means a necessity of war, is the universal indorsement of the President's note to the German government, signed by the secretary of state, couched in dignified language yet expressing uncompromising opposition to submarine warfare on merchant ships. Throughout, the document breathes the humanities and what every self-respecting nation owes in that direction. Reiteration of the "strict accountability" phrase of the earlier note is found in the concluding paragraph of what is to be regarded as the most important state paper emanating from Washington in twenty years. The gist of the President's demands is the assurance, and its fulfillment, of the safety of Americans, whether traveling in belligerent or neutral passenger vessels. Germany may squirm and retort that so long as Great Britain is shutting off food supplies to her ports, she has a right to retaliate in kind; but Great Britain does not destroy merchant vessels, carrying passengers, without warning. The acts are in nowise parallel.

We suggested last week that no matter whether Germany acceded to America's demands or not it was highly desirable that Dr. Dernberg retire from the United States, since his mission had been a failure and his point of view, particularly in regard to the sinking of the Lusitania, was decidedly offensive. It is now announced that the unofficial spokesman of the kaiser has planned to leave the country of his own volition at an early date, a wise resolve since he could do Germany only harm by remaining. There is good ground for belief that the tension is relaxing and that the folly of Germany's conduct has been so fully revealed by the attitude of the entire civilized world, that even the military element

is weakening. In spite of the paucity of actual news printed for home consumption the German people are beginning to get a truer perspective of the acts of the military oligarchy and a restlessness is much more noticeable among them than heretofore. They do not want war with the United States any more than we do with their country, and that sentiment is bound to have a moral effect in shaping the reply to the American demands. Arbitration is hinted at. There can be no objection to that course if, meanwhile, Germany suspends indefinitely her submarine warfare against all passenger-carrying vessels.

Meanwhile, the situation in Italy is at the breaking point. The entire country seems to be clamoring for war, an extraordinary attitude, attributable mainly to the intense hatred long borne for Austria, which the Italians until now have been unable to express in a tangible manner. They have nothing to gain by remaining neutral, everything to win by declaring in favor of the allies. At this writing the calling for their passports by the German and Austrian ambassadors indicates that the crisis has been reached. What Italy has demanded is a concession of territory on the Trentino and Tyrol and the cession of Trieste and possibly Triume. Of course, these territorial gifts will be denied by Austria and more blood will begin to flow. Italy honestly believes that what she asks is hers by right of nationality and geography and that her cause is just. Possibly it is; at least it is no less just than the demands made by Austria upon Serbia which precipitated the present war.

## FRANK WORDS ON ELBERT HUBBARD

ALTHOUGH it is true that long prior to his tragic death in the waters of the Atlantic, off the Irish coast, Elbert Hubbard had ceased to be regarded as a literary man, his commercialism having superseded his earlier aspirations, he must be given credit for arousing in the breasts of thousands of the groundlings a desire to imitate culture. Unfortunately, having gained the ear of a wide market he proceeded to exploit it for his own benefit and in time, of course, wore out his original welcome. His poses, his Byronic collars, his black Windsor ties—which he retailed to yearning seekers after light—and his "limited" editions, bespoke the charlatan to the discriminating. From the lecture platform he turned to the vaudeville circuit, where, perhaps, he felt secure, and when that field of intellectual activity palled he coined many dollars by composing advertising copy for large corporations. He was nothing if not versatile and ever with an eye to the main chance he allowed no good prospect to go by unexplored. The Aurora trademark, in process of time, became one of questionable value in consequence.

There was a period, say twenty years ago, when Hubbard and his Philistine were cordially received in many homes where vivacious literature, expressed in original form, found an admiring audience. But in his efforts to be unconventional Hubbard gradually removed all restraint and deteriorated into plain vulgarity which caused him to lose the good will of hundreds of fine-thinking Americans of both sexes. His attempt to revert to the pre-restoration period of English literature was not countenanced by the self-respecting and the Philistine lost vogue with that class of readers that was its main support in its adolescent days. As it matured it became

gross and in the last decade was banished entirely from the library tables of the discerning. His "Message to Garcia," contemporary with the Spanish-American War, symbolized the spirit of daring endeavor, so thoroughly American in its exposition and the brochure received, as it deserved, wide dissemination. For that bit of writing Elbert Hubbard may be forgiven many of his shortcomings and because of it the gaucheries of his trade will eventually be forgotten and only the best of him survive.

There was in the scissors-and-paste genius of East Aurora a queer mixture of brilliancy and brazenry, of capacity and charlatanry. Yet he was a missionary in his way and for the craftsmanship displayed in the books turned out by his printing shop he is entitled to great credit. It created a desire for genuine art in the making of books and to that extent Elbert Hubbard was a propagandist, a pioneer in right lines. If he had been wholly sincere, he might have wrought greater than William Morris, because of his greater opportunity to reach the masses. Alas, that he had the bar sinister on his literary escutcheon. He loved not art for art's sake, but converted it to sordid uses. He had many attractive qualities as a man, but was a bundle of little trickeries. Like his "limited" editions that were only limited to one state, so his fulsome messages to literary acquaintances were but duplicates of similar plaudits expressed to hundreds. We recall receiving from him an early copy of Garcia, which was inscribed "to one who has carried many messages to Garcia," and it was prized until the same subtle phrase was found mimeographed in the books of a score of other "carriers." It is not pleasant to write so frankly of one who has paid the great price, but the lesson his career teaches should not be lost on an imitative world.

#### PEACE DAY OBJECT LESSONS

**O**BSERVANCE of Peace Day in the California public schools this week at the instigation of the American School Peace League, had special appeal. For more than ten years May 18 has been set apart as a time to consider the interdependence of nations in an argument for international peace, and lo! at the end of the decade the consummation of the object of the league seems farther away than ever. But hope springs eternal in the human breast and no more optimistic person than the peace leaguer can be found in America in spite of the present world crisis. Nay, it is because of this tragic interruption that the leaguers argue that the day must come when the peoples of the world will work in common once again. We firmly believe that, but it will be only when they have exhausted all their own resources and are compelled to desist fighting or perish. That our boys and girls have been brought almost face to face with the terrible spectacle of human suffering and devastation should prove a strong incentive to aid the cause which Peace Day represents.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Edward Hyatt issued a brochure in furtherance of the movement that is deserving of commendation. In his introductory explanation of the effort to celebrate in the public schools the idea of peace he said that when Europe becomes exhausted with bloodletting, it will be the duty and the privilege of our nation to lead in binding up the ragged wounds of war and in helping to restore the balance that war has upset. A peace day program was outlined and the plan of organizing peace societies described. It is all good seed and wherever the program was zestfully carried out it could not fail to bear abundant fruit in the rising generation whose decision at a future date shall be for war or peace according to its lights. Those lights are now being provided and the horrors of war, stripped of all heroics, are about the most forceful object lessons sensible

boys and girls at the most plastic age of life could ponder. The pen pictures sent in by American correspondents showing the horrible conditions at the front among the wounded and in the trenches, serve to emphasize Benjamin Franklin's declaration that there never was a good war or a bad peace.

There is food for years of reflection in the impressions of a war correspondent who writes of what he actually sees of the traffic in "mangled and mutilated humanity." It is a repulsive picture that Cobb draws, so hideous, in fact, that the mind revolts in contemplation; but less than that might fail to jar the apathetic into a full realization of the heartless processes of dealing with the wounded. For the first time war correspondents appear to have devoted their abilities and space to telling of actualities instead of criticizing generals and lesser officers and damning their policies. Obligated by the modern requirements to keep at a respectful distance from the immediate fighting zone, the correspondents find themselves, perforce, at points where they can study the results of battles, and it is a novel revelation they get and so transmit to their readers. That this will help mightily for an ultimate universal peace is not to be questioned.

#### POETS' CORNER AT THE EXPOSITIONS

**E**XCEPTION is taken by the erudite and discursive "Yorick" of the San Diego Union to Mrs. Eunice Tietjens' complaint that literature is not receiving sufficient recognition at the California expositions. She says art, painting and sculpture are in evidence, and that music is treated as a legitimate form of entertainment, but literature, both prose and poetry, is seemingly ignored. "Yorick" feigns to think that literature is not essential; that there is no American literature worth exploiting and nearly all the foreign literature is at war. He asks Mrs. Tietjens what form her literary exhibit would take at the California expositions. Shall it be an exhibition of products or performers? Shall we, he asks, appoint a jury to select the "literary remains" of authors living and dead? or shall we assemble the living authors in a "congress" and let them collaborate upon themselves and their art? like the "happy family" annex of a circus menagerie. He promises to send Mrs. Tietjens a bronze plaque by parcel post, all charges prepaid—how otherwise?—if she will enlighten him.

Inasmuch as Mrs. Tietjens' bill of complaint appeared originally in The Graphic it may be that we have a vicarious commission to speak for the talented poet whose association with Harriet Monroe in the publication of Poetry has revealed the exposition critic as one in authority to express divergent opinions. Her argument that poetry is a "fine art" and in its present renaissance a distinct feature of the cultural progress of our country, ergo, worthy of representation at a national exposition, strikes us as a sound postulate. Surely, she contends, largely considered, poetry is of as much ultimate value as poultry, which occupies more than an acre of space. As to the manner of exhibiting verse her suggestion is that a jury of contemporary poets, reinforced by a professor of literature from one of the universities, and, perhaps, an editor, would be fully as competent to judge the volumes submitted as are contemporary painters to judge the canvases. The volumes accepted could be ranged in book-shelves in a quiet room, where the public could browse at will. "Then," she adds, "since the music of the spoken word is half the magic, periodical readings could be given, either by visiting poets or by someone competent to read their works."

There is nothing bizarre or impractical in her suggestion, we submit. When we consider the wide interest taken in dramatic poetry by all the clubs and reading circles, as well as in cultured homes, the plan of inviting our modern poets to

a congress offers great attraction. With Percy Mackaye, Vachel Lindsay, the "Gospel of Beauty" protagonist; Edgar L. Masters of the Spoon River Anthology fame; Edwin L. Markham, George Sterling, our own John McGroarty, Harriet Monroe, Eunice Tietjens, who reads poetry with admirable dramatic interpretation, and a score of other living poets of acknowledged merit in American annals of literature, in attendance, a successful gathering were assured. Then, too, Alfred Noyes might be lured to the coast and perhaps John Masefeld and Stephen Phillips. Popular? We venture to say the poets' section at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco would be a loadstone of cultural traffic and repay all expense to the management a hundred-fold. Even as the congress of religions at Chicago made a palpable hit so also would the poets' corner at San Francisco prove a ten-strike. Go to, Brother Yorick! Thou art beside thyself for carping at Mrs. Tietjens' well-entered complaint.

#### DRAWING LINE ON STATE PRODUCTS

**A**S is well-known California has erected a fine brick building at Exposition Park, at a cost of \$250,000, for the purpose of exhibiting the products of the state. It has also made a current appropriation of \$30,000 for installing and maintaining the same for the present fiscal year. This exhibit is being administered under the auspices of the sixth district agricultural association. A board of eight directors has been appointed by the governor, the members of which devote their time without pay to this work. A fine display has been arranged under the guidance of Mr. Frank Wiggins, which includes cotton from the Imperial Valley, California wood and lumber, miniature model irrigation farms, California wines, and an extensive display of fruits, both in glass jars and cans. The exhibit is of particular interest to tourists who are contemplating employment or investment in the industries that are carried on in the state. A visitor is greatly impressed with the great variety of our resources.

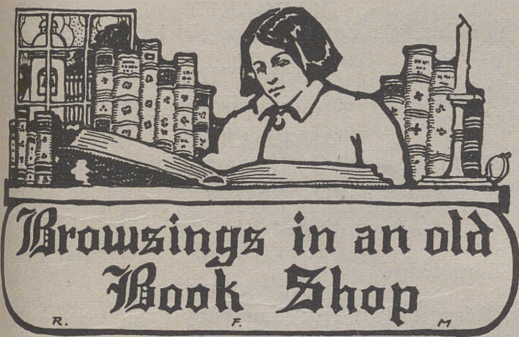
It is the opinion of the board of directors that paintings of typical California scenery by representative California artists, purchased on a reasonable basis, would be, both technically and actually, products of the state and most interesting exhibits. It is not the desire at all to establish an art gallery any more than it is the desire to establish an exhibit of any other one line of industry, but in the collection of the varied products of California a few typical paintings of the high Sierras, the desert, and the coastal regions would be both attractive, representative and beautifying to the general exhibit. These paintings would be properly displayed in one of the reception rooms of the building which should be comfortably furnished as a rest place for visitors.

Having reached this conclusion, authority has been requested to make these purchases, and the amazing opinion is voiced by the state board of control that this particular line of work lies outside the intent and scope of the law-making appropriations for the maintenance of this building. One of the greatest attractions of California is the beauty and variety of its topography. One of the features of the social life in the state is the colony of artists and literary people who are assembled in large numbers in this section. One of the regrets of Southern California is the difficulty that these artists have in disposing of their meritorious works. The encouragement of these artists as well as the development of the ideas of the beautiful, in the judgment of The Graphic would be one of the most important and valuable features of an exhibit such as is here planned.

We have in an adjoining building an investment by the county of about \$250,000 in an art gallery and museum, and while many beautiful

displays of pictures have been exhibited, practically every one has been a loan, and not a single picture is owner by the gallery or any public institution. There is no hesitancy on the part of the state to purchase suitable furnishings, equipment and commercial displays of all sorts. It is therefore particularly astonishing that the line is drawn on art in determining the products of the state. Are we to go on record as officially stating that beautiful and artistic works are not to be so included? Really, it would seem as if the board's ipse dixit was the most complete demonstration of the necessity of further education of our people. Are we to consider that a thing must be ugly, or common, or commercial, in order to be a product of the state? There has been no claim that funds were not available for these purchases, and it is difficult to construe this adverse decision on any other grounds.

In a community that is composed largely of tourists, with many who are living here because of the delights of our surroundings, beautification of our city and development of galleries and museums in which artistic matter may be displayed are among the crying necessities and rank with the most difficult tasks that we have to contend with at present. We shall hope to see a change of front when the state board of control shall have further pondered this important question.



PROBABLY, to the majority of modern readers, Leigh Hunt's name is known only through his poem of "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel," familiar to them as a school classic. Aside from that exquisite gem little of his writings has passed into literary currency and yet as an essayist and critic he wrote much that is deserving for its charm and individuality. One of his most delightful publications is "The Old Court Suburb," which treats of that part of London known as Kensington, a region noted for its historical and literary associations. It was in that neighborhood Hunt lived for ten years—from 1840 to 1850—and what more natural than that he should record in permanent form the result of his delvings into the memorials of the place, regal, critical and anecdotal? This sketchy work appeared originally in 1855, but the edition I came upon so opportunely at the Old Book Shop bears date 1903 and is the output of Constable & Co. It is edited by Austin Dobson, who contributes an illuminating introduction that reveals to American readers the spirit in which Leigh Hunt wrote "Old Court Suburb" and constituted himself the guide and companion of posterity through this fascinating bit of London town. Adding to the charm of this beautiful edition are more than fifty exquisite drawings, etchings and portrait studies by Herbert Railton, C. A. Shepperson and E. J. Sullivan that give the work a value in nowise represented by the small sum that the two volumes cost me. I venture to say a similar prize is not to be picked up on the Pacific coast.

Leigh Hunt finds the origin of the word Kensington in dispute. It is commonly derived from the Saxon Kynings-tun, Kings-town; though as it is written Chenesitun in Domesday Book, and in other old records, it has been thought traceable to a landed proprietor of the name of Chenesi. Possibly, however, the name has its source in the old chestnut trees whose representatives are still to be found in the district. "Chens-net" might easily become Chesne-nut and so through years of anglicization to Kensing-town; but the temptations to etymology, as Leigh Hunt observes, are great. Whatever the origin of the name there is no doubt that the first inhabited spot of Ken-

sington was an inclosure from the great Middlesex forest that once occupied that side of London and in which forest trees were abundant as late as the time of Henry VIII. According to the Domesday Book the first Norman proprietor was a bishop, Aubrey de Vere, which family was to give more than a score of earls of Oxford to the British peerage. The De Veres held the manor of Kensington from the time of William the Conqueror nearly to that of James I. A small portion of the original site is still held by a member of the family. Holland House, built by Sir Walter Cope, in the reign of James I, is one of the most interesting spots in Kensington. It combines with Campden House, Kensington House, the Square, the Church, the Palace (converted by King William III into a royal domicile) and the Gardens, the seven oldest objects of interest in Kensington.

As space will not permit my following Leigh Hunt's footsteps all around the Old Court Suburb I will only attempt a glimpse here and there of spots known to royalty, to the wits and beaux and beauties of the days before the railway tunneled under Campden Hill and a babel of modern buildings supplanted the old houses of the nobility. What a procession of interesting characters the old haunts knew! The Hollands and Davenants of the Stuart and Cromwell times; John Evelyn, of Diary fame, peering about him soberly and Samuel Pepys in a bustle. Come Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Sir Isaac Newton, Dick Steele from visiting Addison, Horace Walpole from calling on the Foxes, Dr. Johnson from a dinner with Elphinstone, Junius (Sir Philip Francis) from a communication with Wilkes. O, it is a goodly company of notables! King William rides by in his carriage to open parliament; also Queen Anne for a like purpose. George I, George II, in short, all the polite world burst into flower in the Kensington district, all the fashion of the gayest times of the sovereigns named, blooming with chintzes, full-blown with hoop petticoats, towering with topknots and toupees. We see Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, quizzing everybody, the notorious Duchess of Kingston who married the young duke of Kingston, Lady Mary's nephew, and who built Kingston House; the beautiful Miss Gunning, once befriended in Dublin by "George Ann" Bellamy, who were to marry dukes and be the toasts of fashionable London; George Selwyn, the wit, Lady Townshend, the—ah, well, she who is said to have been the original of Lady Bellaston of "Tom Jones."

Who is this dandified gentleman, the "glass of fashion and mould of form," with delicate features, manly figure and ample white waistcoat? None other than the celebrated Count d'Orsay, son-in-law of Lady Blessington, with whom he lived for years at Gore House with his beautiful mother-in-law, after separating from his wife, her step-daughter. There they remained until the count's debts, and Lady Blessington's over-liberality caused them to flee to France to escape debtors' prison. In Hornton street lived for a number of years that sprightly bibliomaniac, Dr. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, who has formed the subject for a browsing in times past, when an original copy of his "Bibliomania" fell to my lot. It is here before me with the introductory note dated Kensington, June 5, 1809, (the publication year of my copy), proving that it was in Hornton street that he wrote the celebrated treatise on book-madness. The good doctor has related an anecdote of the house across from him occupied by a handsome widow, in reduced circumstances, and with a family of several children. A retired merchant of sixty, looking for a place in Kensington, chanced to see the "To let" sign, called, fell in love with the widow and after a courtship of six months, married the object of his affections, Dr. Dibdin himself officiating as clergyman, to his joy, for, so runs the story, the parties were amiable, the bridegroom was a collector of books, and the books were accompanied by a cellar full of burgundy and champagne.

But of all the historic spots of Kensington, my fancy inclines me most to Holland House, perhaps, because of the literary memories that cling to it, for its association with Addison and as the center of the literary wits of the times, as good old gossip Samuel Rogers has shown in his delightful "Table-Talk." Its builder was Sir Walter Cope, that is, he built the main part in 1607 and bequeathed it to Henry Rich, earl of Holland who had married his daughter and heiress Isabella. From the Restoration to the Georges Holland House was little more than a home for temporary lodgers, one of its inmates being the famous William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, who was on friendly terms with James II as he had been with Charles II, having known the royal brothers in their youth. In 1762 Holland House passed into possession of the first Lord Holland

of the Fox family by whom the title had been consequently allowed to be taken. But popular as were the Foxes, the most celebrated occupant of Holland House was Joseph Addison, who had married the Countess of Warwick, and whose three years of residency there (1716-1719) imparted to the historic pile a literary glory which has endured. To Holland House during his occupancy trooped all the distinguished men of the day, for though a "whig," Addison was on good terms with the majority of all parties. The story is told that once Addison was visited by Milton's daughter whom he had requested to bring evidences of her relationship. The moment he saw her, he is reputed to have said, "Madam, you need no other voucher; your face is a sufficient testimonial whose daughter you are." It must have been very pleasing to Addison, comments Leigh Hunt, to befriend Milton's daughter; for he had been the first to popularize the great poet by his critiques on "Paradise Lost" in the Spectator.

Holland House, as I have stated, remained in the possession of the Warwick family and of its heir, Lord Kensington, till it was purchased by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland of the new race. He had eloped with a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, Lady Caroline Lennox, and the love match was never repented. When Lord Holland died July 1, 1774, Lady Caroline was so affected that she followed him twenty-three days later. But the man who has drawn the greatest attention to Holland House was Henry Richard Fox, third of the title. He was a man of elegant literature, of liberal politics, of great benevolence. A close friend was that Dr. John Allen, whom I noted in a previous browsing as one of Fitzgerald's delightful correspondents and to whom the poet indited so many of his entertaining letters. It was this Lord Holland of whom Samuel Rogers tells that when a schoolboy he was forced, as a fag, to toast bread, with his fingers, for the breakfast of another boy, in consequence of which his digits suffered so much that they always retained a withered appearance. Addison's advent in Kensington is preserved in the nomenclature of the place. There is an Addison Road and an Addison Terrace, as I personally recall, last time I sauntered through the neighborhood. Thank you, Leigh Hunt, for this charming ramble through a district so prolific of memories, literary and otherwise. You may have been an "egotistic prattler" as an uncouth critic has described you, but you had a genuine love for books and for poetry and with all your shortcomings you are to be gratefully remembered. S. T. C.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

SO far this month, sunshine has been at a premium, and the bad weather has had a serious effect upon the attendance at the Exposition. Three bright days last week, however, brought up the average, between sixty and seventy thousand passing through the gates each fine day. But even on wet days the attendance is near the 25,000 mark.

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Music-lovers are having the feast of a lifetime in the two weeks' season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Festival Hall holds 3700 people, and so far there have been few vacant seats, none in the cheaper parts of the splendid auditorium. The Boston organization sets a standard throughout the country for symphony music, and a very high standard it is. The playing of the hundred artists under Dr. Karl Muck's baton is so faultless that the most carping critic's praise is unstinted. Despite the strain of a concert every day for two weeks, there is never the slightest sign of slackness or lack of enthusiasm. The balance of the orchestra is perfect, and one can shut one's eyes and imagine that the music comes from a single celestial instrument. Dr. Muck is the least sensational and yet the most impressive director I have ever seen. He is absolutely devoid of mannerisms or affectation, and relies simply on his directing arm, rarely using his left, and his body remaining rigid. His restraint is as remarkable as his complete authority and sympathy with the musicians under his direction.

\* \* \*

If the plans of the Republican state executive committee are carried out, a lively campaign will be waged in the next five months against the non-partisan state ballot law which will be submitted to popular vote next October, provided the necessary petitions for a referendum are filed within ninety days after the bill's approval by the governor. At present, the erroneous impression seems to be prevalent that the electorate would have an opportunity to vote on the abolition of party designations without a special petition. Sub-committees of five members from each party are to be organized into a general committee to

circulate the petitions throughout the state and arrange for speakers. This triumph of Johnsonian progressiveness has been called a reductio ad absurdum, and it is pointed out that in the event of the abolition of party designations the average voter would have more intricate problems than ever to grapple with, though, presumably, the state administration would not leave him in doubt as to which candidates had the hallmark of the administration's approval. W. C. Ralston, chairman of the Republican committee, is confident that the governor's pet measure will be easily defeated and that in his desire to eliminate party politics H. Johnson will eventually eliminate himself. But it is foolish to attempt to discount Governor Johnson's immense power and influence.

\* \* \*

Lieutenant-Governor Eshleman, in an address before the Commonwealth Club, paid a warm tribute to the legislature of 1915, but while lauding its emotions detracted from its intelligence. "If we had a higher class legislature," he concluded, "it might, perhaps, have the mind to understand the problems of all the people, but not the heart to feel them."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Charles F. Edson—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Katherine Phillips Edson—is on the war-path against the proposal before the California Federation of Women's Clubs, in convention here this week, that "no delegate from any club taking active part in politics shall be seated." "Our women," she says, "have little enough political influence as it is, and it would be suicidal to cripple ourselves by these silly and futile amendments." Mrs. Edson has a strong following, and by the time these lines are in print will probably have won another victory.

\* \* \*

Investment by Los Angeles capitalists in San Francisco realty is always noted with gratified interest. A big deal in city property has just been consummated whereby Byron Erkenbrecker, A. W. Thompson, R. C. P. Smith and their associates in the Sharon Farms Company become the owners of the St. Elizabeth apartment house at Powell and Sacramento streets and adjoining frontage. Two other pieces of city property purchased by the Los Angeles syndicate make a total investment of \$750,000.

\* \* \*

E. D. Moore, well known in Los Angeles and now the energetic and resourceful managing director of the Tourist Association of Central California, is very sanguine of the tide of travel that will set in shortly. "With the beginning of June and continuing through the summer and fall," says Moore, "we shall have all the visitors to the Exposition that the railroads can haul." Moore bases his prediction on his careful study of conditions in the east and on the fact that his association has been in receipt for the last four months of from forty to a hundred letters of inquiry every day from all parts of the United States. He makes a special plea for good roads without which the large crop of touring automobilists will diminish. "If we can keep the two routes to Southern California open and in good shape this summer," says Moore, "we shall have thousands of automobiles over these routes."

\* \* \*

Jitneys are certainly prolific of sensations besides the daily collisions. A lovesick Oakland youth of nineteen took a fifteen-year old girl for a ride the other evening. The driver stopped to fix his headlights when the youth slipped into the front seat and set off at top speed. The elopement ended with the young man's arrest in Richmond. The same day an elderly gentleman who was taking his first stroll along Market street after a week in hospital with a broken arm, the result of a collision with a jitney, was knocked over by another. This time his collar bone was broken and his ear mangled. Another jitney episode in the week's grist was the holding-up of a jehu from whom the passengers captured \$25, a reversal of the usual mode of procedure. With the stringent regulations shortly to be imposed by both city and state there is hope that the traffic may be reduced to a rational basis. Meanwhile, finely equipped motor coaches are poorly patronized.

\* \* \*

J. R. H. Wagner, clad in khaki and looking as picturesque as a war correspondent, was one of the Los Angelans to adorn the corridors of the Inside Inn this week.

\* \* \*

Frank Brown, expert in the financial market and a favorite in Los Angeles society, is a constant attendant at the Boston Symphony concerts.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, May 19.

## Life's Little Tragedies---VI

At the Rim of the Canyon---By S. T. C.

MARGARET FLETCHER. Thirty-five. Tall, slim, pallid face, save for curiously-indented red spot on upper right cheek, about the size of a quarter-dollar. She is meeting her husband for the first time since his desertion of her twelve years before.

RAYMOND FLETCHER. Thirty-eight. Her husband. Browned to a deep tan. Tall, well-knit. Good looking. Engineer by profession. He has been in China since the two parted in anger in Chicago, within a month of their marriage. Returning to their old home he found traces of his missing wife and at last arranged to meet her at the rim of the grand canyon, in northern Arizona. (They are in a tent near the canyon's edge at Bridal Veil Basin.)

MARGARET

(In constrained voice): Why have you sought me out and urged this meeting?

RAYMOND

(Eagerly): Because I want to repay by a lifetime of devotion my neglect of the last twelve years.

MARGARET

(With harsh, forced laugh): A lifetime! That will not compensate for what I have endured since we parted.

RAYMOND

I was insane, beside myself! I believed—well, never mind that—I was wrong and fled blindly—anywhere. I found myself in San Francisco, shipped to China and have been building railroads until six months ago. And you?

MARGARET

1? What does it matter! I sold our furniture, went to the coast and—stayed there.

RAYMOND

Your brother?

MARGARET

He is dead. I am the only one in the family left.

RAYMOND

(Edging closer): May I not bridge the gap?

MARGARET

(Coldly): Could you be mother, father or brother?

RAYMOND

I would be—husband!

MARGARET

I have no husband. He died twelve years ago.

RAYMOND

(Hesitatingly): Did you—get a divorce?

MARGARET

(In lifeless tone): No; that formality mattered little to me.

RAYMOND

(Hopefully): I am glad!

MARGARET

Why? It means nothing.

RAYMOND

Still, legally, we are—husband and wife.

MARGARET

(With dull passion): Legally! What has the law to do with you?—after twelve years of silence.

RAYMOND

(Contritely): Nothing; you are right. I am more than dead to you, I see. Yet why did you come here, if you did not care?

MARGARET

Shall I tell you? Curiosity! I had a foolish desire to see what sort of man it was that I imagined I once loved.

RAYMOND

(In pained voice): Don't, Margaret!

MARGARET

(With momentary indignation): What did you expect? To have me weep on your shoulder and take the prodigal husband to my bosom? No, thank you.

RAYMOND

You did love me—once?

MARGARET

I suppose I did. I was younger and had not suffered—then. (With a sudden cry of anguish.) O God, how I have suffered!

RAYMOND

(Groaning): And I, I am responsible!

MARGARET

(Quietly): You have said it! And for more than you know!

RAYMOND

(Pleadingly): Can't I be allowed to expiate the wrong I have done you?

MARGARET

(Bitterly): If it were given you to return after dying thrice and in each life your devotion never ceased, the recompense would still be wanting.

RAYMOND

(Whose eyes have rested constantly on the red furrow on her right cheek): What is that cruel mark?

MARGARET

(Enigmatically): The mark of Cain's wife!

RAYMOND

(Mystified): I don't understand. How did it happen?

MARGARET

A woman struck me.

RAYMOND

(Horried): How? Cut you, do you mean?

MARGARET

(Closing her eyes as if to shut out a painful recollection): Yes, with the shuttle of a sewing machine. She gouged me with it in her anger.

RAYMOND

(In a burst of rage): The she-devil!

MARGARET

That is just what she was—a she-devil!

RAYMOND

Where did this take place?

MARGARET

(In hard, cold voice): In San Quentin penitentiary.

RAYMOND

(Startled): What! You there?

MARGARET

(Dispassionately): Yes.

RAYMOND

For what?

MARGARET

(Listlessly): For saving a girl baby from a life of misery.

RAYMOND

(Puzzled intensely): Explain, please explain, Margaret!

MARGARET

(With a shudder): I was out of money, I had no friends, my husband had deserted me. My baby came and I was too ill to care for it—in my despair I—I smothered it!

RAYMOND

Your baby?

MARGARET

(Resentfully): No; your baby! That was what you left me in your mad haste.

RAYMOND

(In an agonized cry): O, my God, to think that I brought this upon her! Margaret, Margaret, I begin to see what you must have gone through.

MARGARET

(Still inertly): You can never realize it. Ten years I lived—no, not lived—endured the torture of that place, that association! The jury meant to be lenient for, of course, what could mere men know of my racked mind. I said my husband was dead. I had taken my mother's maiden name. I tried to die, but could not.

RAYMOND

(His face buried): This is awful! O my poor Margaret!

MARGARET

(Gazing pityingly on the man's writhing figure): I had hoped it would rack your soul; now I am sorry I told you. Your suffering can avail nothing at this late day.

RAYMOND

(Lifting his head): How you must despise me! And I had dared to dream of our possible reunion. I beg your pardon for the insult of the thought.

MARGARET

(Wearily): Men forget more readily than women.

RAYMOND

(Rising, and with emotion): You must not turn me off entirely, Margaret! Give me leave to be near you, to be of assistance, to help smooth out a few of the wrinkles. I shall go mad—I shall do myself bodily harm with this remorse, unless you say you will not send me wholly adrift.

MARGARET

(Pity for his wretchedness growing stronger in spite of his past neglect): But I am—a—a mur—

RAYMOND

(Putting his hand over her mouth and taking her in his arms): I don't expect forgiveness, but O, let me take you away where we can begin anew and I can prove to you how deeply I have repented. My life is yours, to watch over you and protect you. (He sinks to her feet and humbly clutches the hem of her dress. She smiles sadly, passes her hand over his iron-gray hair and a tear—her first—falls like a benediction upon his head. There is a haven of hope for both.)

# Glimpses of Middle West Culture

---By Randolph Bartlett

CAN the statement I hear everywhere be true—that the California legislature passed a bill making it a misdemeanor to serve Florida grapefruit in public eating-places in the state? It is difficult to believe that even so stupid a set of lawmakers as that which assembles every two years in Sacramento could be so silly, especially this year, when California is supposed to be hostess to the world. Yet I have heard the rumor from Puget Sound to Kansas City. The first time was on the dining car on the Olympian, when the steward, passing my table where I was eating this ideal breakfast fruit, stopped and asked how I liked it. I told him it was delicious.

"That's the Florida grapefruit," he remarked proudly. "It's no wonder the California legislature barred it from that state."

I expressed a certain incredulity.

"It's a fact," he assured me. "I met the steward of the Shasta Limited in Seattle, and he told me he was up against it, because it happened there was no California grapefruit in the market there, and he couldn't serve the Florida variety."

In Chicago I heard two newspapermen, formerly of California, discussing the matter at breakfast, but the climax came this morning when I dropped in at the Harvey restaurant at the Union Station in Kansas City, and for ten cents was served with the most delicious half grapefruit I ever tasted. I praised it, and the waitress smiled: "Guess you must be from California," she said. "They can't get good grapefruit out there any more; this is the kind we serve all the time."

I still find it hard to believe that California would be so anxious to advertise its inferiority in this respect, for that is the only result that could possibly accrue from such an action; surely there must be a misunderstanding. Has not Florida engaged in that typical California expedient, the frame-up, and circulated this baseless canard? As to quality, the Florida grapefruit is so far superior that there is no comparison. It contains less fibrous tissue, is mellower in flavor and larger in size, with thinner skin. And if the horticulturists have managed to discover that the Florida trees are infested with a pest of any sort (I have not heard that they have, but suggest this as the most charitable theory), I can only recall what President Lincoln said when he was told that General Grant drank whiskey: "I wish certain other generals would discover the brand."

So if it be untrue that the California legislature has placed a ban upon this fruit, let Field Marshal Wiggins arm himself for the fray, and remove the stigma which this widely-disseminated report has placed upon the name of California.

Speaking of the Harvey restaurant reminds me that the pride of Kansas City is the new Union Station, and the pride of the Union Station is the Harvey restaurant, operated by the same company which conducts the commissary department throughout the Santa Fe system. In addition to the "speed counter" there is a handsomely appointed dining room, which, with the exception of one extremely expensive hotel cafe, is the only high class restaurant in Kansas City. Even fashionable social functions are held there. It does sound a bit queer to say, "Mrs. Grundy entertained at luncheon yesterday at the Union Station, the party later attending a box party at the Orpheum." If the station were a little nearer the center of the business district the Harvey cafe would soon monopolize business.

When the Lusitania was torpedoed, Maude Adams was playing a short engagement in Kansas City in "Quality Street" and there was a revival of the old, often repeated and as often denied, story that she was the wife of Charles Frohman, one of the victims of the Kaiser's greatest murder. When it was known, Saturday noon, that Frohman had been drowned, Miss Adams collapsed, and notified her manager that she could not possibly appear at the matinee. After a consultation with the management of the theater, he informed her that as the banks were closed it was impossible to get the money to refund to the holders of tickets. So the curtain was held nearly an hour while Miss Adams fought with her sorrow, and eventually the performance was given, though the Barrie play was cut extensively to relieve her as much as possible. This was a display of inhumanity typical of the theatrical business. To say that in Kansas City it was impossible to find a banker who would open his vaults for such an emergency, is ridiculous. I do not know the capacity of the house, but certainly not more than \$1500 to \$2000 could have been needed, and an appeal to two or three of

the large stores or to other theaters, would easily have brought that amount. A theater manager must be in bad odor if he cannot raise \$2000 in a place as large as Kansas City in an hour or two. How long do you think it would take Will Wyatt, or Clarence Drown, or Oliver Morosco, to borrow that much, even without security, Saturday afternoon, or even Sunday?

One of the best criterions of a city's culture is its newspapers, and in the newspapers what better test than the "Answers to Queries" department; for who was it said, "Let me but conduct the agony column, and I care not who writes the editorials." This is logical enough. For when we know what sort of things the great public is curious about, in what direction its interests tend, surely we may almost measure the caliber of its uplift. Therefore, in an endeavor to gauge accurately the social conditions of that part of Missouri in which Kansas City is situated, I turned to the page of that great journal, the Kansas City Star, where wisdom is dispensed freely to all earnest seekers. Here I discovered the following prizes which I pass on for your delectation:

B. B. B.: Should an escort carry a lady's parasol? Only when she is paralyzed or otherwise deprived of the use of her right hand and arm.

Star Reader: The duty of a hostess at a tea or "at home" is to welcome her guests with a cordial greeting. A guest is expected to enjoy the hospitality extended and contribute in a general way to the pleasure of the occasion.

Mary: A club sandwich cannot be taken in the hand and eaten as a thinner sandwich. Transfer the upper layer of toast and a part of the "filling" to your serving plate, then the remainder when the first part is disposed of.

Anxious to Know: A young man broke a ring of yours which he was wearing. And now he wants you to accept one in its place. And would that be proper? Without a doubt. The new ring is not a gift but the just payment of a debt.

F. C. H.: Salutations and conclusions of letters are complimentary rather than literal. "My Dear" is conventional form, not intended to compass all that the word "Dear" is capable of conveying. In replying to the young man's letters it is quite correct to "follow his copy" is greeting. As you are only "just good friends," "Yours with love" was not justified in the closing words of your letter.

To The Star: Yes, Bob White, there are girls who like and thoroughly enjoy a day spent in the woods—just such a day as you describe. And who love and know the birds and flowers. So don't lose heart, Bobbie! Meadow Lark.

It would seem that where there is such a general interest in the niceties of social conduct as to occupy three to four columns of space as valuable as that of the Star, with this sort of exchange of ideas, the Middle West is safe from lapsing into barbarism. If further proof be needed, I append the following gem of poesy printed "in response to several requests," in the same high class journal:

## Better Than Gold

In a Pullman palace smoker sat a number of bright men.  
You could tell that they were drummers, nothing seemed to trouble them.  
When up spoke a handsome fellow, "Come, let's have a story, boys,  
Something that will help pass the time away."  
"I will tell you how we'll manage," said a bright young knight of the grip:  
Let us have three wishes, something good and true.  
We will give friend Bob the first chance, he's the oldest gathered here."  
Then they listened to a wish that's always new.

Cho.  
"Just to be a child again at mother's knee, just to hear her sing the same old melody,  
Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy, just to kiss her lips again,  
Just to have her fondle me with care, just to feel her dear, soft fingers through my hair.  
There is no wish in this world that can compare, just to be a child at mother's knee."

There are several more stanzas, each with its concomitant "Cho." and the author, Charles K. Harris, that sweet singer of yesteryear. Yet we are told that the world is not growing better. Personally, I am brutally bourgeois, and must admit my preference for the modern ditty with its distinctive "Cho." like this:

And does um's Tootsie love um's Oootsie Wootsie  
Like Wootsie loves um's Tootsie Wootsie Woo?  
For if um's Tootsie doesn't love um's Wootsie,  
What on earth will Oootsie Wootsie do?

In all Kansas today (Monday) the busiest men are two from Los Angeles—"Bishop" Whitmore and Joe Reichl, formerly presiding geni of the

Alexandria,—who tonight will open the new Meulebach Hotel, a hostelry the like of which is to be found in few cities in this country. The last word in hotel construction and equipment has been incorporated into this institution. The Bishop is president of the corporation which has built the hotel, and the ever-smiling Reichl is manager. Thinking to pass the time of day with the latter I called at the temporary offices of the company, and two men were pointed out to me who had been trying to locate Joe for two days, intermittently, of course. He moves too swiftly for the mid-westerner and by the time his presence has been reported at a certain point, and he is sought there, he has gone elsewhere. Unkind persons, acquainted with California fauna, declare he has learned his habits from the Pacific Coast flea, the motto of which is "You may see me, but I'm not there." A story about the new hotel appeared in the Post a few days ago in which it was reported that there was to be an elevator exclusively for women, to be operated by a bell-girl, but this Post is owned by Tammien and Bonfils, so I really don't know about the facts in the case. Several other innovations of kindred nature were reported, but they did not make a sufficient dent in my memory to adhere.

Another Los Angeles notable here at the present moment is Jose Rivera, better known to the world of fistiana as Joe Rivers. His affairs have prospered, but only questionably, and while he was given a decision over Harvey Thorpe it will not go ringing down the grooves of time as one of the historic pugilistic battles. The bout was so tame that, I am told, the Methodist conference is thinking of urging the substitution of this form of amusement for tiddleywinks, as less dangerous and fatiguing.

Let a certain California superstition be exploded here and now. You have heard the remark, almost a Los Angeles bromidiom now, "After you have been in California a few months your blood gets so thin that you feel the cold more than you did in the east." Rot! Last week there was a sudden cessation of the spring weather for a few days, and the hardy easterners began brushing the mothballs out of their furs and preparing for the worst. They shivered and shook and bundled themselves up almost to a point of suffocation, and the steam heat was turned on to a midwinter pressure until the hotel rooms were hot enough to use for Turkish baths. A certain person, just from California, not finding it necessary to lug an overcoat around, to be comfortable, was threatened with everything from a cold in the head to pneumonia. The fact of the matter is, the cold weather has the easterners "buffaloed," and at the first smell of it, they run. So far as I have been able to observe, the real Californian is about as hardy an individual as you are likely to meet, because he lives in the open so much that he is not a mere bundle of nerves, and so is not so sensitive to the least change in temperature.

Kansas City, Mo., May 17, 1915.

## Inspiration (To R.)

A long, cool drink to lips parched from the desert heat;  
Sleep—after many weary nights of restless pain:  
Just so, God-sent and satisfying to my soul, are you.  
Out of a year of duty done, I steal one day.  
We fly to our beloved Ocean, and like happy children  
Laugh and shout above the roar of wind and water.  
Suddenly, behind a sheltering rock, the playing stops,  
I droop within your waiting arms, my weary head finds rest,  
While bitter tears tell of the anguish of my life without you.  
You whisper softly of the things I starve to hear,  
Your love brings peace and quiet to my stormy heart.  
Too soon the sun is setting and our day is gone.  
A dull despair has turned me cold—I clutch your hand—  
With tenderness my eyes beseech you not to let me go.  
But when I need your strength the most, you fail me not—  
One last farewell!—smiling, you send me back to duty.

Far ahead, marking another year I see a light.  
With eyes steadfastly watching for its gleam,  
I live.



### Cyril Bretherton Awaits News

Cyril Bretherton, sadly depressed in spirit, as he well may be, is back in Los Angeles, and thus far has had no direct message from his brave wife who, with their one surviving child, is with her sister near London. The early news assuring the distracted husband and father that both children were saved, with their mother, was followed by the advice that the little one had perished, causing a blow that was the severer because unexpected. Mrs. Bretherton has been reported as bearing up well under the strain and privations endured but, naturally, her husband is more than anxious to get a letter, which is doubtless on the way.

### Harry Crouch Will be Missed

No wonder the Uplifters within the Athletic Club feel depressed over the sudden and tragic event that carried off one of their number, the courteous, obliging and affable Harry H. Crouch. I have heard many warm expressions concerning him from the lips of his fellow members, but that of Harry M. Haldeman, reprinted in the club magazine, *The Mercury*, must be a great solace to the bereaved family. Harry Crouch, who was killed in an automobile accident, was one of the originators of the Uplift Club, a charter member who stood for and lived the ideals of the club, and his memory, as Harry Haldeman observes, should be an inspiration to all.

### Celtic Club's New Topic

Felicitations are being received by Dr. W. T. McArthur on the announcement of a baby boy at their beautiful Western avenue home. I am told that the doctor is open to suggestions from friends as to the proper naming of the latest arrival and I trust that my prompt recourse to the telephone with a grand name will be duly considered in the family council. The Celtic Club, I understand, is to discuss the question at its next regular meeting and a poem by the laureate of the club, Dr. J. M. Dixon, is now under composition.

### Los Angelan in Nice

Writing from Nice, France, under date of April 26, Mrs. Rose D. Habersham, who left Los Angeles about a year ago, with her young son, writes that in spite of the troublous times *The Graphic* continues to reach her regularly. She advises: "Although we were in England from the outbreak of the war until December 1, stayed ten days in Paris, with the German army only forty miles away, have traveled all through Italy and are now in Nice, we have suffered no inconvenience or delay of any kind, and, in fact, will be quite spoilt for future European travel, as everything is at least one-third cheaper than in normal times. Our admiration for the way in which the English and French have met this war, is unbounded, and everyone here feels that the victory of the allies is an assured fact. We are so glad that California is putting on her best garb to receive her numerous visitors, and we wish both Expositions the greatest success."

### Judge Pryor Back in Harness

I note with interest that Judge J. H. Pryor, former partner with Publisher Chapin in the Pasadena News, has bought back into that paper and now shares ownership with Editor Frank C. Roberts. It is said that when the Judge appeared in the News building after consummating the deal his first inquiry was for Runyon, the managing editor.

"Mr. Runyon's out attending a moving picture show," was the reply.

"Huh!" ejaculated the new half proprietor. "See if he can be found at once. I've fired two of the staff and he must break it to 'em."

Having had his fill of photoplay and equipped with tickets for more, Runyon burst in.

"Here, Fred," exclaimed his half chief, "two men are let out. Reducing expenses, you know. Collins and Foote."

With the gentleness of a flatiron falling on a

sore toe, the sad word was imparted, which, I understand, leaves the staff as follows: Frank C. Roberts, editor; Judge J. H. Pryor, managing editor; James Henry, editorial writer; Fred Runyon, copy reader; Ned Chapin, reporter; Charley Moody, reporter—and a good one, and the alert Lillian Rosenthal, society editor. The scare heads will be larger than ever, I imagine.

### Tribute to Madame de Page

Pasadenas recall with gratification that during her stay in the Crown City the late Madame de Page, lost with the *Lusitania*, greatly endeared herself to all in that never once in public or private did the distinguished Belgian woman utter a bitter word of the cause of her country's ruination. Vice-president J. S. Macdonnell of the First National Bank of Pasadena, tells me that hers was one of the most restrained and beautiful characters he ever knew. He quotes her as saying that "a wounded German is not an enemy, he is a patient, and I wish to help him." Mr. Macdonnell was closely associated with Madame de Page, having had charge of the relief fund. When he received word that her body had been found floating near the wrecked liner he wrote the following acrostic the ending of which, he assures me, is not intended to be profane:

Mother and wife, you left your land  
Afflicted by refined hate,  
Recking not sea nor loneliness  
If only human heart might touch  
Eternal depths of sympathy that lie  
Discoverable below our dross of gain.  
Exquisite was the beauty of your quest,  
"Perfect" is written of your sacrifice.  
Against you has been turned the murderer's stab.  
God!—Damn the blackness of the spite  
Exhumed from hell that did that deed.

### Speaks For Itself

I have been measurably interested in reading a pamphlet entitled "Among Cities Los Angeles is the World's Greatest Wonder—Why?" The 1915 edition among other informing items tells that the West Coast Magazine is filled with valuable data and yet West Coast has not been printed for more than a year. However, the real reason why Los Angeles is the great world wonder I think is answered on page fourteen of this Gospel of Boost, whereon appears a cut of the new Times building and beneath it a statement—which I trust is authorized—that the Times is "controlled, edited and managed by that world-renowned warrior and journalist, General Harrison Grey Otis." After that, who can wonder Why?

### Serial Over the Long Distance Wire

I was greatly entranced last Sunday by reading a report in the esteemed Times of the general's long distance talk from Tejon rancho to New York, and I trust my old friend C. E. Klobber of the Associated Press, at the other end of the wire, enjoyed the chatty conversation indulged in by the general in describing his rancho. He was asked where he was talking from and replied—but let me quote him accurately:

A.: I am at the Tejon rancho.

Q.: And where is that?

A.: In the mountains of Kern county, California, about one hundred and twenty-five miles northwesterly from Los Angeles. The rancho lies at the head of the great San Joaquin Valley, where the Sierra Nevada and the Coast ranges come together.

Q.: Are you staying at the rancho?

A.: Yes, for a month or so.

Q.: How do you reach the spot?

A.: By horse or auto over the broad state highway and through the historic Tejon Pass, where old Fort Tejon stood for years. The place can also be reached by Southern Pacific train running through Bakersfield, north or south, from which point connection is made by machines and other vehicles and also by saddle to headquarters.

Q.: What are the points of the place?

A.: Primarily it is a Californian cattle rancho.

Q.: And are cattle the chief product?

A.: No; the rancho grows cattle, horses (some of them Arabians), hogs, mules, sheep, goat and ostriches; and the soil produces alfalfa, grain, vegetables, oranges, olives, apples, figs and walnuts. There is an Indian rancheria on the great tract, which comprises four separate ranchos in one ownership and under one management. The different ranchos are El Tejon, La Liebre, Los Alamos and Castac—the whole embracing an area of 276,000 acres. The elevation above the sea ranges from 600 to 5000 feet.

Q.: Has the rancho a history?

A.: Yes, a notable one. It was formerly the property of the famous Gen. Edward F. Beale,

who in his lifetime was successively naval officer, explorer, Indian agent at old Fort Tejon, superintendent of Indian affairs, United States Surveyor-General for California, general officer in the War of the Rebellion, and subsequently United States Minister to Austria. He bought, surveyed and developed the Tejon rancho, and made it the notable property it is. He was for years one of the warmest and closest friends of General Ulysses S. Grant.

Is it not inspiring and informing? I regret that the price of acreage for adjoining property, together with other entertaining data, was not given to make the serial story complete in every respect.

### Portrait of Late Colonel Smith

I am glad to present the portrait of Colonel George H. Smith, the talented father of Mrs. Hancock Banning, from the brush of Joseph Greenbaum. Mrs. Banning had commissioned Joe to paint the Colonel's portrait, but he found it difficult to get him to pose. Several maneuvers having failed the artist blandly invited his prospective sitter to visit his studio and look at a portrait he was then completing. When the Colonel arrived Joe seated him in a comfortable chair, changed the canvas on his easel and rapidly went to work. His unconscious subject was so pleased with what he saw that he promised to return for another sitting, but his illness, which had a fatal culmination, made that impossible. Colonel Smith was of a most distinguished colonial and revolutionary ancestry and in his home state entered the Virginia Military Academy at the time Stonewall Jackson was professor. Later, he joined the government exploration survey commission whose headquarters ranged from the Missouri to the territory of Oregon. He practiced law until the war broke out and entered as a commissioned colonel of the sixty-second Virginia Cavalry, giving distinguished service through the battles of Manassas, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor and Newmarket. After the war he raised cotton in Mexico, and in 1869 came to Los Angeles and formed the well-known law firm of Glassell, Chapman & Smith. He was prominent in all the great Spanish land grant litigation and was personal attorney to Don Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor. In 1876 he was a member of the state senate and in 1886 was made recorder of decisions in California, at the same time being a member of the supreme court commission with Judges Gray, Haynes and Cooper. When the appellate court was established in Southern California he served a full term with Judges Allen and Gray. He was a well-known authority on jurisprudence and the author of "Elements of Private Rights," "History of Modern English Jurisprudence," "Logic and Analytics" and "Theory of State," which was awarded the Philips prize of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. This was bestowed over many prominent competitors. His writings brought him into close touch with distinguished persons, among whom were Herbert Spencer, who was an ardent admirer. He was elected honorary member of the Victorian Institute of England, the most important philosophical society in the Anglo-Saxon world, because of the prize-winning work, and was also a prominent contributor to the American Law Review.

### Notable Pianist Here

One of the interesting characters lingering here until troublous times shall have abated abroad is Mme. Rider-von Possart, the celebrated pianist, widow of the only son of Ernst von Possart, the venerable tragedian of international fame whose comedy and pathos were of equal standard, and who, though now living a retired life is still energetic enough to be the director of the Munich court theaters. Mme. Rider-von Possart is the daughter of John V. Rider of Hollywood, with whom she is staying. Her mother tells me that at the age of four her little daughter would know at once any note struck on the piano in another room. At nine she appeared with the orchestra in Dubuque, Iowa, playing a concerto without music. Of recent years she has lived in Berlin where her late husband Herman von Possart was the Regierungsrat, or as we would term him, government censor of amusements. Several years ago she made an American tour and appeared with the Walter Damrosch Orchestra in New York and with the Cincinnati and St. Paul orchestras. When in Los Angeles at that time she played at the Ebell clubhouse.

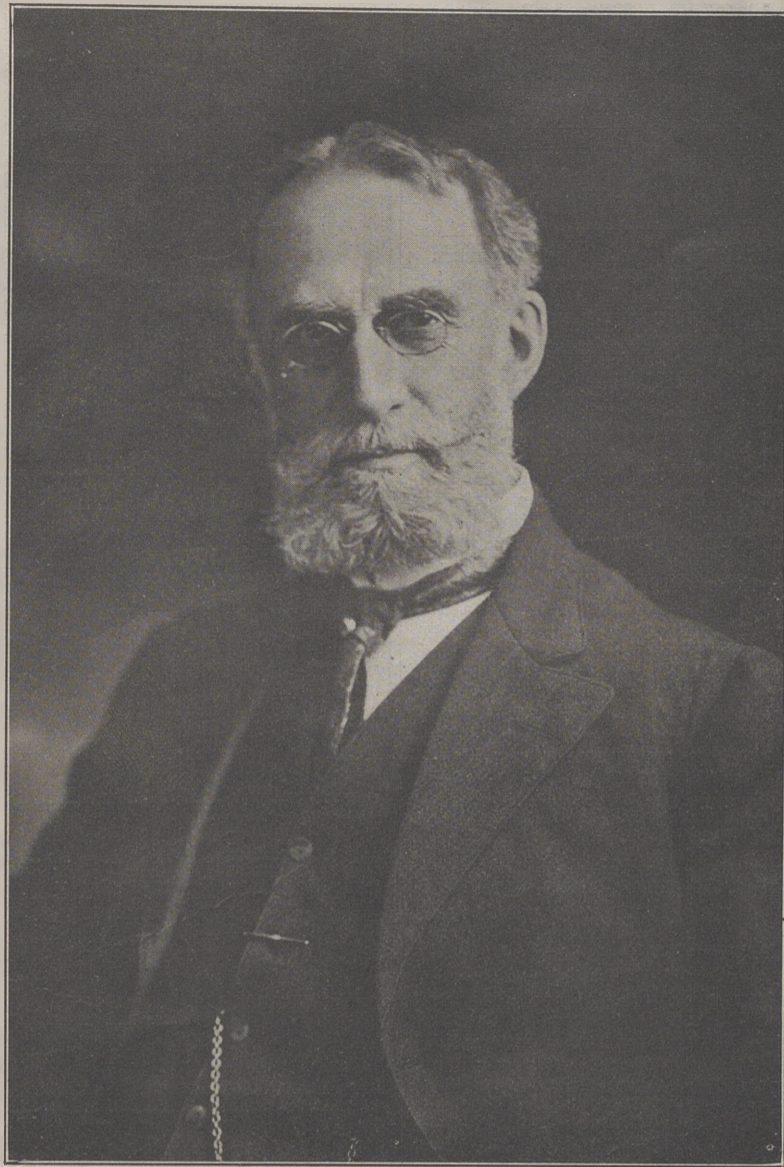
## Well Known Figures of Los Angeles---II

Dr. Norman Bridge

IF I were asked to name him whom I considered the most truly cultured man in Los Angeles I think my first choice would be Dr. Norman Bridge. This decision is reached after a careful study of the doctor extending over a period of nearly thirty years, here and in Chicago. It is almost a quarter of a century since he left the former city for Los Angeles and in that time he has impressed his gracious personality on this community in no whit less pleasing a manner than on the greater metropolis, where for a similar length of time he was a factor in the ethical life of that cosmopolite center. A physician first, he has been, throughout his professional career, a teacher in the finest meaning of the word, not in a pedagogical sense, but as a leader, an educator by precept.

Always, his predilections have been in favor of social betterment, particularly through mental processes, and this has induced him to take a deep interest in vocational work for youthful activities, as instanced in his affiliation with Throop College of Technology of Pasadena, of which institution he has been an active director for nearly two decades and chairman of its board of trustees for the last seven years. On many occasions, at commencement time and otherwise, when exercises of a public nature have required his official presence, his addresses have been marked by broad and inspiring ideals, calculated to impress both faculty and students with a sense of opportunity in the work before them and revealing to a delightful degree the progressive character of the man. No grandiloquence of speech may be expected of him; his thoughts are along sane lines, expressed in a minor rather than in a major key and always in the choicest English. The fundamental thing about these semi-public addresses has been their sincerity, the depth of feeling they reveal, and this has been impressed on my mind after hearing him speak at many functions and reading the printed pages of his several books on subjects to which he has given serious attention.

It is the well-matured mind that is reflected; the inner musings that have been nurtured and cogitated at leisure before they have been allowed utterance. These several delightful publications that have come to my desk from time to time in the last twenty years all bear this same characteristic, that of unhasty parturition; as if the thoughts had been in quiet gestation for a sensible period and then easily delivered. Dr. Bridge writes as he talks, in a leisurely, but sure manner, with his goal ever in sight, which he attains with no circumlocution, yet in no undignified strides. There is a whimsical tolerance in his viewpoint; he is certain of his own position, but with a nice appreciation of the attitude of mind of the one in opposition. I never knew him to deride the proponents of a question that traversed his own conclusions; rather, he sought to make converts by rational arguments, so convincingly put, that they overbore the negators. He is never hurried in debate; at the Sunset Club, of which he is a distinguished charter member, time and again I have watched him win victory from apparent defeat by the soundness of his logic applied to the subject under discussion. Whether it were scientific, literary, commercial or educational he invariably had an entertaining, original point of view to offer that found delighted auditors. His mind is so well stored that it is encyclopedic. As Macaulay once wrote to Macvey Napier, the editor of the *Quarter Review*, referring to a certain Chancellor, "He is indeed a kind of semi-Solo-



mon; he half knows everything, from the cedar to the hyssop." I have sounded him out on innumerable occasions, on all sorts of topics, at luncheon, at dinner, at social and public gatherings and no matter what the question he was never at loss for an intelligent and informing response. This is why I have come to regard Dr. Norman Bridge as the most cultured man in Los Angeles.

Remindful of this is the receipt of a new volume of essays and addresses, modestly named "Fragments," comprising public addresses, essays and sketches not heretofore given permanent setting. Preceding the prose contents is this quatrain, so graphically descriptive of the printed page. "El Libro," the author titles it:

With lading of knowledge from work-time brought—  
And temper of wisdom from full life giving—  
A book's the recorded breath of thought,  
From a soul that's toiled to the thoughtful living.

Nor is this the only example of the doctor's versatility seen in the present volume. To a friend who sent him a buttercup dug from beneath the snow on the Rocky Mountains, the recipient wrote this graceful and poetic acknowledgment:

Far from its home in meadows fair,  
In sunny vale and grateful air;  
In frigid clime, on rugged steep,  
Beset by frost on mountain sweep,  
Beneath the snows enshrouding deep,  
This floweret grew and bloomed  
On height, above the homes of men,  
So cold the wild beast keeps his den;  
Securely hid from human eyes,  
By snow shut out from clouds and skies,

Uncared for save by One-all-wise,  
It grew, till chance exhumed.

Beside the heart of him whose hand  
A thousand miles across the land  
This gem has sent, it comes to bear  
A truth that's deep and broad and fair:  
Beyond the kind Creator's care,  
That nothing lives or is;  
As sweet fruits grow 'neath roughest shell,

So in all things deep lessons dwell.  
In every spot, or warm or bleak,  
With petaled lips in sweetness meek  
Upturned, we'll find, with faith to seek,  
Some smiling flowers to please.

Wide observation by the humanitarian is combined with the expert study of the scientist in the topics discussed so entertainingly by the erudite physician in these "Fragments" which, however, are anything but fragmentary. Thus in "The Burdens of Conversation" we get the dual viewpoint—that of the trained mind accounting, psychologically, for certain diffidences and hesitation in speech and the laymanic or literary side of the question. I commend to every writer of critical comment Dr. Bridge's article on "The Physical Basis of Hypercriticism." A few of our "natural objectors" may discover wholesome truths in this delightfully frank handling of the subject. In "Conservation for the Individual" one may get as much—only better—advice on what is good for him as if he had gone to a specialist on nervous diseases of the body and paid twenty-five dollars for a consultation. In fact, the Sunset Club members before whom the paper was first given several years ago figured that the doctor had lost upward of a thousand dollars that evening from tentative patients no longer impelled to consult him.

Two years ago, when in attendance at the annual convention of the Amer-

ican Medical Association in Minneapolis, Dr. Bridge was invited to occupy the pulpit of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of that city. He chose for his topic, "Am I Really My Brother's Keeper?" and this manly and able discussion of a grave question, which the doctor affirms, is, perhaps, the most thoughtful contribution to the present volume. In *The Graphic* of July 26, 1913, I dwelt editorially on the doctor's lay sermon. It came soon after Governor Johnson had vetoed the "health certificate" of marriage bill and I suggested that if he could have read Dr. Bridge's notable arguments on the subject or have consulted with him before he nullified the bill he would have taken a chance and let responsibility for defeat of the enactment lie with the courts rather than with himself. "The Ultimate Goal" is an address delivered at the opening of the college year at the University of Southern California in 1913. It is full of meaty advice to impressionable young men and women, not didactic, not goody-goody, but practical suggestiveness rather. An appreciation of Professor Edward Waller Claypole and an address in accepting a bronze bust of the scientist, both read at memorial exercises at Throop College, constitute two thoughtful papers. Sunsetters will cherish the appreciation of their late fellow member, Charles Dwight Willard, delivered at the services over the body of the brilliant writer and economist in January, 1914. It is a feeling tribute from one intellectual man to another.

But "Fragments" is rich in contributions from this well-stored mind. The aim of the Southwest Museum, of which admirable organization Dr. Bridge is president, was his subject at the memorial-stone laying December 6, 1913, and in reading it the remarkable eclecticism of the doctor's mind is apparent. There is a sane criticism of "Pasadena Architecture," a sly dig at the "Draught Fetish," a chapter on "The Yosemite in Winter," on the "Prevention of Railroad Accidents" and a poem "To an Old Broom" by "A Bachelor." As the doctor has been a benedict for more than thirty years the inference is that his courting of the muse is contemporary with other courtings, so that by now it is a confirmed habit. His "Penalties of Taste" and "Rewards of Taste" are two prior books of essays that grace my library. "House Health and Other Papers" attest the doctor's common sense views while his lectures on tuberculosis, delivered at Rush Medical College, Chicago, and gathered into a volume, reveal his profound researches into the subject of which he is an acknowledged expert.

Born in the Green Mountain state December 30, 1844, the doctor's father bore the sterling American name of James Madison Bridge. His forbears settled in Massachusetts nearly three centuries ago, the original one in this country being Deacon John Bridge of Cambridge who came from England in 1632. On Cambridge Common stands a bronze statue of Deacon John who saved the settlement of Cambridge when Hooker seceded to Connecticut in 1636, and was responsible for the present location of Harvard College. Col. Ebenezer Bridge, the doctor's great-grandfather, served under Washington in the army of the Revolution. Thus it may be seen that this representative of the seventh generation from the good deacon is of sound stock with an Americanism that cannot be denied. The elder Bridge and his wife with their family, tiring of trying to wrest a living from the rocky soil of Vermont,

(Continued on Page Fourteen)



# Cheaters



WHAT John McCormick is to the lyric stage Chauncey Olcott is to the histrionic in Irish repertory; both are great favorites in Los Angeles and at the Mason this week in "The Heart of Paddy Whack" the popular actor is adding to his large circle of friends. To see Chauncey Olcott as Denis O'Malley is to love the heart of him. The idea of the self-sacrificing barrister in love with his pretty ward is not new, but the story is so lightly and delicately portrayed, that the last lines of the play are like the finishing touches of a dainty etching. The lightness is of the kind that just touches the heart, though there are several beautiful passages that stir a little deeper. Those captivating Irish songs which Mr. Olcott sings so charmingly are a greatly appreciated part of the picture and call for many an encore. A beautiful song is "Who Knows?" words by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. A slim, adorable Miss is Mona Cairn—Miss Luckett—every tone of whose voice is a soft caress. Olcott's speaking voice, too, is agreeably musical. The support is excellent and the piece well staged—the curtains being especially effective.

#### "Polly" at the Burbank

When Margaret Mayo wrote "Polly of the Circus," the current bill, given its first performance at the Burbank last Sunday afternoon, she evidently intended to usurp the preacher's prerogative. She succeeded, for her characters are so thoroughly human they are logical. The only element one can quarrel with is, that the incidents are loosely put together and fail to give the play the vim necessary to make it of sterling value. However, let us be thankful. No good thought expressed but brings an adequate return. Witness John Douglas' preachment concerning the Deacon's demand to cast out the circus child whom accidental injury in the ring has brought to his attention. This is the keynote for the play's being. Mr. Morosco has provided settings which, while interesting, lack high light places. The singing of the youngster in the second act is entertaining, but a little too forced in character. The circus ring, would be much improved were a real act a part of the programme. As it is there is nothing to hold the attention and the audience wiggled at times. Polly is the circus favorite. She falls and complications arise. The minister who befriends her, after eleven months of her society at the parsonage finds her a necessity. His congregation forces this knowledge on him in the methods it pursues in getting rid of her. But love will find a way—and in this story it takes a simple turn. Ida St. Leon makes Polly acceptable, but brings no individuality into its characterization. Forrest Stanley's "John Douglas" is dignified and radiates a clean wholesome element, while Louis Benison has all the human pathos one would expect of "Big Jim." James Corrigan's "Deacon Strong" is too amateurish and Walter Catlett fails in his understanding of "Deacon Elverson" though one feels he might do it so much better, for at moments he betrays excellent judgment. Edmund Lowe as the circus proprietor seems bewildered—never knowing just what to do. The other roles are of like quality in presentation. Perhaps the doing of "high brow" scenes and characters

of late has been too much, and it will take time for the company to gain the level of levity.

#### Wizard Schaffer at the Orpheum

There have been excellent specialists on the Orpheum bills heretofore, but few have distanced Sylvester Schaffer, the highest salaried artist in the world, who leads the current week's program. Like Rabelais' "we saw a knot of others, about a baker's dozen" of his acts. One marvels rather at what he cannot do than at the clever rendering he gives each individual setting. Each is an act complete in itself. From the time he appears between his two handsome blooded horses and shows card and coin tricks to the finale as Atlas, upholding the world there is not a dull moment in his performance. In the interim he paints a modernish landscape of the Dutch type, which has many characteristic touches; juggles as the Japanese do; drifts into a setting planned on strong Viennese lines in which he, aided by his sisters Stella and Stephanie, perform mysterious feats as they did in "ye olden times;" then with a background scene of a Spanish bull-ring gives an exhibition on an Andalusian stallion. This act is one of the finest ever seen in this country, both from an artistic as well as an individual standpoint. The lifting of the handkerchief and the mischievous kick given the assistant by the equine pet are dominant notes. The trained dogs exhibit fine understanding of their master's demands; the feats of marksmanship performed amid winter's snow with young deer as a foil of interest are marvelous, for though the shot is fired directly over their heads the deer show no fear, and calmly continue feeding. Again the mastership of the performer is demonstrated in his shooting through the center of an ace of hearts at long distance range, also the bringing down of a dove. The prowess of the performer's muscle is tested in the Olympic sport number. Again the handsome white pair appear in span before a chariot which when unhitched is raised upon the lip of Schaffer and hoisted to midair. Its weight can be judged by the effort necessary for its removal from the stage. The last scene is of least value, though it causes a stir because of the exhibition of great strength. George M. Rosener who presents characteristic types makes the hit of his act as a dope fiend. The applause had a sterling ring to it at its conclusion. As an old war veteran and drink fighter he also scores, and his English "soldier boy" proves the versatility of his talent. Stella Tracey and Victor Stone, who is not far in form from an Apollo, assisted by Ethel Ponce at the piano are an addition with hold-over qualities. Their act has an original frame and the setting most individual touches in lines and patter. Morton & Moore are the usual scream—and that same old curtain speech holds good with embellishments. Allan Brooks and his company in "Straightened Out" receive their quota of applause and it is well deserved, and the Bowers, Walters and Crocker trio who open the performance this week are giving a better hearing.

#### Maud Adams in "Quality Street"

Maud Adams comes to the Mason next Monday, May 24, in a revival of

#### MASON OPERA HOUSE

Broadway Bet.  
1st & 2nd

BEGINNING MONDAY, MAY 17

CHAUNCEY  
OLCOTT in "THE HEART OF  
PADDY WHACK"

#### MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

Main Street  
Near Sixth

BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, MAY 16. Seats Now Selling.

IDA ST. LEON

In Her Greatest Success

"POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

With the All-Star Burbank Company  
Regular Burbank Prices—Nights 25c, 50c and 75c. Mats., 25c and 50c.



#### THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

Every Night at 8, 10-25-50 75c. boxes \$1.  
Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10-25-50c, boxes 75c.  
Saturday and Holiday Mats. Night Prices

HOMER B. MASON & MARGUERITE KEELER, in "Married;"  
HARRY COOPER, with Charles Henderson, "The Letter Carrier;"  
MR. & MRS. GORDON WILDE, English Shadowgraphists;  
BANKOFF & GIRLIE, Own Modern Dances; ELLEN ORR &  
HARRY DE COSTA, Melodious Melodies; Last Week, SYLVESTER SCHAFFER, "The Man Who Does Everything." ORCHESTRA CONCERTS, 2 and 8 p. m.; Pathe Twice-a-Week News Views.

#### MOROSCO THEATER

Broadway, Near Eighth Street  
Phones: A-5545; Main 271

BEGINNING SUNDAY, MAY 30, EIGHT NIGHTS

Henry W. Savage Presents

"SARI" with Mizzi Hajos

And the Notable New York Cast

The Famous Hungarian Operetta Success

#### Pantages

WEEK STARTING MONDAY, May 24  
Matinee 2:30 Every Day—Nights 7:10 and 9:00  
10c—20c—30c

8 ACTS

PROGRAM  
CHANGES  
MONDAY

Tom Kelly

"That Irishman"

#### THE MISSION PLAY by J. S. McGroarty

Old San Gabriel Mission

Performances every afternoon at 2:30; Wed. and Sat. evenings at 8:15.  
Tickets on sale Information Bureau P. E. Station, Sixth and Main.  
Phones Bdwy. 6378, Home F 1230. PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1.00.

#### Cafe San Antonio De Padua

Visit this Cafe after the Mission Play. It is on the opposite corner and adjacent to the Old Mission. There you may enjoy a dainty Spanish or American luncheon. They will provide for special parties and can care for as many as thirty at one meal.  
San Gabriel, California. Tel. 632 W.

"Quality Street," the play by James M. Barrie which was so popular about fourteen years ago. At that time Miss Adams played it for two consecutive seasons to houses filled to overflowing. En route this season the play has been witnessed with much favor, the large audiences necessitating "standing room" only signs. In the comedy Barrie unfolds the story of Phoebe Throssell who, with her sister, Susan, lives in a quaint town in rural England during the time of the Regency. This was a period when England and Germany were allied against France in the suppression of Napoleon. Valentine Brown, a young

doctor, without patients, who lives in Quality Street, meets Phoebe and is attentive. Gossipy neighbors plan the "match," but Valentine goes off to the wars, not knowing of the little woman's love for him. Nine years later he returns to find Phoebe much changed and teaching school. He appears to have forgotten her; therefore she must win him back and in the doing of this Barrie is quaint, humorous and thoroughly human. His style is engaging, his comedy spontaneous, and his pathos sincere. Miss Adams' portrayal of Phoebe Throssell is one of her most artistic characterizations. There will be matinees Wednesday

and Saturday. No performance will be given Tuesday evening and the theater will be dark.

#### "Polly" to Have Second Week

"Polly of the Circus" with the well-known bareback rider, Ida St. Leon as its star and a circus equipment of clowns, horses, trick mules, acrobats and wild animals of the forest and jungle is proving a popular offering at the Burbank theater. The second and positively last week of this production, and its all-star cast begins with Sunday's matinee. "Polly of the Circus" tells of an injury sustained by a little circus rider who is carried into the parsonage adjoining the circus lot. Into the story has been woven the lure of the circus and for the big third act Manager Morosco has arranged a genuine circus and a full equipment of trained animals, clowns, acrobats, trapeze experts, pretty girls and Ida St. Leon who rides the big circus horse. The members of the Burbank company include all the favorites who are scoring individual successes. Forrest Stanley as the parson, Louis Bennison as Big Jim the canvasman, Edmund Lowe as the ringmaster, Walter Catlett and James Corrigan as the deacons, James Applebee as the clown, Lillian Elliott as the negro mammy, George Rand, Winifred Bryson and a host of others.

#### Mizzi Hajos Coming to the Morosco

Emmerich Kalman's "Sari," that light comedy opera made famous by Mizzi Hajos, who has starred in it for two seasons in the east, comes to the Morosco theater, May 30. Miss Hajos is well-known locally for her success in "The Spring Maid," and in this new play has a character built on similar lines. The cast and scenery will be the same as that used in the New York production. A special orchestra is carried, and the chorus is said to be large and brilliant. The famous "futurist" ahead-of-the-models gowns created a furore when the operetta was first produced.

#### Schaffer, the Holdover at Orpheum

Monday's matinee, May 24, will see the first presentation here of the apotheosis of comedy at the Orpheum. It is a little play by Porter Emerson Browne, author of "A Fool There Was," and written especially for Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler, who were last seen in vaudeville in Mr. Browne's skit, "In and Out." He has constructed a vehicle well suited to their ability. Harry Cooper, late of the Empire City quartette, once vaudeville's best, and still later featured in Hammerstein and Lew Field musical shows, returns as "The Mail Carrier," with Charles Henderson at the piano. Mr. Cooper has a fine sense of comedy and a grand opera voice; a combination rare and delightful. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wilde, the English shadowgraphists, remembered from their former visit, return with a lot of new pictures, and Bankoff and Girlie interpret the most modern of modern dances. Bankoff was formerly with Pavlowa and understudied Mordkin, often taking his place. His partner and pupil is an eastern society girl who conceals her identity. Their series of numbers is unusual, having the artistry of the Castles and the wild abandon of the Russian school. Ellen Orr, the melodious singer, with Harry de Costa at the piano, promise a double act of unusual quality, and Sylvester Schaffer, with his ten acts in his own person, will be the only holdover. His versatility and cleverness will be again demonstrated. The usual orchestral concert at 2 and 8 p. m. and the Pathe twice a week news views are the other numbers of the program.

#### James F. Dolan at Pantages

Paul Pereira and his famous string quartette will be seen beginning Monday matinee, May 24 at Pantages.

The Portuguese violinist has been out of vaudeville for a time and his appearance on the variety stage is merely incidental to a trip east where he is engaged for the summer months at Atlantic City. The piquant beauty, Gertie VanDyck is a pianologue; the Dollie sisters, otherwise known as Alma Grace Tuchler and Theresa Pape, comedienues of dainty type; Anderson and Beeman doing a funny act with roller skates, a special feature, "A Burglar's Christmas Tree," with James Dolan, the originator of the polite burglar, in the title role, supported by Ida Lenharr and Hugh Mack and the Reed Brothers, comedians in a farce, "The Eccentric Waiter," complete the program.

#### Prominent Visitors See Mission Play

Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, president of the general organization of Women's club in the United States, was a visitor at the Mission Play at San Gabriel last week. Mrs. Pennybacker was pleased with the pageant drama and enthusiastic in her praise of it to its author, John S. McGroarty. She promised to recommend it to every club woman in America and every friend coming to California and the two expositions. Gov. Phillips Lee Goldsborough of Maryland and his party were also visitors. The governor accompanied by his aides walked to their seats as the orchestra struck up "Maryland, My Maryland" and the audience broke into applause. So delighted was the governor with the play that he sought out the author, talking to him for more than an hour.

#### Emily Stevens in Picture at Miller's

Miller's offers for the week beginning Monday, May 24, Emily Stevens, the young emotional star in De Grassac's powerful drama of love and sacrifice, "Cora." It is full of thrilling situations, heart interest and dramatic force and the company supporting the gifted young artist is a well-balanced cast. Miss Stevens has just closed a successful engagement at the Burbank Theater in "The Unchastened Woman," and her excellent work in this production gained her many admirers. This will be the first opportunity to see her in a motion picture. The new serial picture, "The Goddess," has been secured as the added attraction for each Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at this pretty theater. This kind of a motion picture has for its stars pretty Anita Stewart and handsome Earle Williams, and the love story is by one of the best known short story writers, Gouverneur Morris. "The Exploits of Elaine" continue as the attraction Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday of each week.

#### William Farnum at Quinn's Garrick

William Farnum, virile star of "The Spoilers" and "Samson" will be seen on the screen at Quinn's Garrick theater the coming week in the much talked of stage drama "The Nigger," a southern play as its name implies. By many it has been classed with "The Clansman" as it deals with the problems the D. W. Griffith's great masterpiece attacks. Theda Bara, supported by Nance O'Neil and William Shay will be seen for the first times today and tomorrow in Count Leo Tolstoy's realistic photodrama "Kreutzer Sonata."

#### "Enoch Arden" at Woodley's

Lillian Gish, one of the David Griffith stars, will be seen at the Woodley next week in a film version of "Enoch Arden," adapted from Tennyson's poem. Wallace Reid and Alfred Paget play the male leads. "A Man and His Mate," featuring Henry Woodruff and Lottie Pickford in an exciting installment of "The Diamond from the Sky," are drawing well this week.

### Your Club Would Like to Hear

A Lecture on Contemporary English and American Poetry by

## MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Author of

"IN VIVID GARDENS" and "BY A WESTERN WAYSIDE"

Mrs. Wilkinson is now making engagements for the season of 1915-1916. Write for folder giving list of subjects. For information as to terms, dates, and plans for the coming season, address Mrs. Marguerite Wilkinson, 1112 Seventh St., Coronado, Cal.

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## SELIG JUNGLE---ZOO

Miller's Junction of Spring and Main at 9th Mats. 10 and 20c Continuous show  
Just a block from Broadway Even. 10, 20 and 30c 11a.m. to 11p.m.

One week beginning Monday. The eminent young emotional and dramatic star  
**EMILY STEVENS** In De Grassac's powerful drama "CORA"  
of love and sacrifice

Added Attractions: Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, "The Goddess," Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, "The New Exploits of Elaine."

### QUINN'S GARRICK

Broadway at Eighth

ALL NEXT WEEK

**WILLIAM FARNUM** in "THE NIGGER"

GIRLS!  
GIRLS!  
GIRLS!

## Cafe Bristol

GIRLS!  
GIRLS!  
GIRLS!

### WOODLEY THEATER

BROADWAY AT NINTH

10c 15c Loges 25c

Starting Monday—All Next Week

## "Enoch Arden"

Starring **LILLIAN GISH**

### Clunes Auditorium

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## 13th Week "THE CLANSMAN"

The \$500,000 Film Drama; D. W. Griffith's Greatest Achievement.  
Popular demand causes it to start again May 24th

#### Plays by Cumnock School Pupils

"The Goosehead and the Goblin," a fairy play for children by Constance Mackaye, was presented Monday morning by a group of children from the subpreparatory department of Cumnock School. The presentation was made on the lawn in the school garden, under the maples, and was directed by Miss Ethel Phillips. "Conrad, the Goosehead," was little Miss Dorothy Brown; "Peterkin" was played by her sister Barbara; Rosalie Rodge was "Silver Dew," and Donna Meserve "Dame Alice," while Fara Gould played "Dawn Delight." Thursday evening, three one-act plays were offered at Cumnock School by members of the Junior class. William Butler Yeats' poetic "Hourglass" was one of these, Elizabeth Baker's "The Beastly Pride" was another, and "Op o' My Thumb," by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pry, was the third.

#### Knights of Columbus Ambitious

Local council of Knights of Columbus are busy these days and nights working up one of the cleverest productions of the year entitled "1915 on Parade," written by Christy Walsh. The music for this presentation is being composed by several writers of reputation which include Josephine Ihmsen, Louis Gottschalk, Weston

Wilson, Byron Gay, Lewis Kerwin and Philip Bansbach. With these composers' efforts and the down-to-the-minute lyrics from the pen of Walsh, it is expected that a show of repute will be put forth for the approval of the theater folks. Rehearsals are being carried on weekly and talent of much experience has connected itself with the production. It is not often that aspirants to histrionic fame have opportunity of connecting themselves with an organization of clever composers such as will lend their compositions to this offering and for this reason talented folks of much experience have offered their services in making this presentation one of the best of the year. The dates set for the staging of "1915 on Parade" are June 28, 29 and 30 at the Mason Opera House.

Among the many English authors who are doing their share in the Great War is E. F. Benson, author of "Arundel," "Dodo," etc., who is secretary of a fund supplying English and French hospitals with certain supplies, especially the very practical one of tobacco. Mr. Benson writes to a friend in America that he is firmly convinced that "the madness of the German Empire will end in disintegration."

## Social & Personal

AMONG the several brilliant affairs of the week was the afternoon reception given Wednesday when the hostesses were Mrs. John Dustin Bicknell and her two daughters, Mrs. Horace Getchell Cates and Mrs. Charles Perry Bagg, entertaining at the home of the latter, 1024 South Arapahoe street. An exquisite flower scheme was carried out in the decoration of the rooms. In the reception hall and library, sweet peas were used, while in the drawing room pink roses were attractively arranged and the dining room was beautified with quantities of yellow blossoms. Assisting the hostesses in entertaining the three hundred and fifty guests who had been invited to the affair were Mrs. Joseph Banning, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. Edward L. Doehny, Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Mrs. Fred O. Johnson, Mrs. M. L. Botsford, Mrs. F. T. Bicknell, Mrs. John Bicknell Hinton, Mrs. Mary Doran Brown, Mrs. Alton M. Cates, Mrs. Fred Wood, Mrs. Ward Chapman, Mrs. Frederic B. West, Mrs. Robert Wernick, Mrs. Nellie P. Doran, Mrs. J. A. Henderson, Mrs. J. W. Hendrick, Mrs. E. F. Spence, Mrs. William Furey, Mrs. J. M. Schneider, Mrs. August Schneider, Mrs. Clacious, Mrs. George Letteau, Miss Katherine Banning and Miss Mildred Cates.

Amidst masses of pink roses and spring blossoms a most delightful reception and tea will be given this afternoon by Mrs. John Angus Heber Kerr and Mrs. Raymond Durllee Frisbie, at the beautiful home of the former hostess, 426 Kingsley drive. In the pretty garden canopies are to be arranged forming cozy nooks here and there, where refreshments will be served. Assisting the hostesses in receiving their guests will be Mrs. Leslie C. Brand, Mrs. Milo Baker, Mrs. Stoddard Jess, Mrs. Albert Stephens, Mrs. Addison Buckley Jones, Mrs. Robert J. Kerr, Mrs. James R. Allen, Mrs. George F. Cope, Mrs. C. J. Heyler, Mrs. Charles M. O'Leary, Mrs. Francis Pierpont Davis, Mrs. Claud S. Holman, Mrs. Charles H. Carter, Mrs. John T. Stewart, Mrs. Lex Hugh Cochran, Mrs. Charles N. Hoffman, Mrs. J. D. Carr, Miss Harvie Wallis, Miss Ethelyn Wallis and Miss Pinita Drake. Three hundred invitations have been issued for the affair.

Mrs. Charles J. True of Chicago is the house guest of her sister-in-law, Miss Ella J. True. Mrs. True will visit the two expositions while in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson of Chester place have gone out to their beautiful country home, Wilsonia Court, near San Gabriel Mission, where they plan to remain most of the summer. Miss Nina Robinson will be their house guest for several weeks, as will their cousin, Mrs. Frank Schwartzkopf, of Columbus, Ind., who will pass the summer with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bayly have returned from their honeymoon trip to Honolulu and will remain for a time in a cozy home in West Twenty-third street. Mrs. Bayly, until her marriage a few weeks ago, was the popular and attractive Miss Helen Marie Brant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Brant of Figueroa street.

Friends of Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, formerly Miss Martha Woolwine, who with her husband has returned to Los Angeles to make her home, are rejoicing with Mr. and Mrs.

W. D. Woolwine, parents of Mrs. Banks. Mr. and Mrs. Banks have been living in Nashville since their marriage. They will make their home here with Mr. and Mrs. Woolwine on Lake street.

Mrs. Eli P. Fay, 2647 Orchard avenue, was hostess Tuesday at a delightfully informal tea in honor of Miss Edna DeWolf of Boston, who has been visiting in the homes of the hostess and Mrs. Russell J. Waters of West Adams street. Miss DeWolf is leaving this evening for San Francisco where she will visit in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira A. Campbell while seeing the exposition.

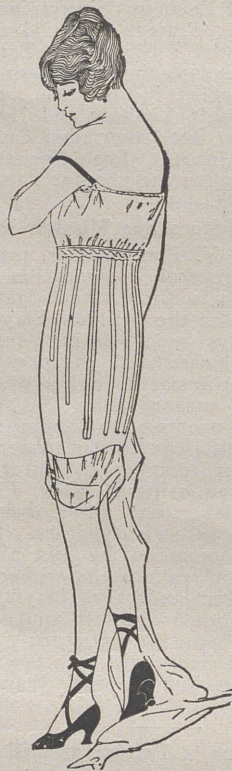
Mrs. S. F. Zombro of 418 Ardmore avenue left a few days ago for Madison, Wisconsin, where she will attend the marriage of her cousin. Mrs. Zombro plans to be away several weeks.

One of the brilliant events in the annals of the many charming charitable affairs given in Los Angeles, was the Jackie's ball at the Shrine auditorium, Thursday evening. A long list of prominent men and women acted as patrons and patronesses. Myriads of flags from the ships anchored off San Pedro were used in decorating the great assembly room and imparted a distinctly marine atmosphere to the scene. A vaudeville program was presented which was decidedly unique and included the hornpipe dance by sailors. The petty officers and men of the Third submarine division, with Lieut. William F. Newton in command, were the hosts of the affair. The great benefit was planned in the interests of the stricken families of the sailors who were lost in the disaster of the submarine F-4 a few weeks ago. Among those who occupied boxes were Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, Col. and Mrs. William May Garland, Mr. and Mrs. V. Q. Marquis, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carlton Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. Russell McDonald Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks and Dr. and Mrs. E. Avery Newton.

Thursday afternoon a charmingly arranged tea was given by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Clero and her daughter, Mrs. Cecil J. Gardner, at the home of the latter, 1274 Third avenue. The affair was in honor of their house guest, Miss Mary Turner of Marietta, Ohio, and to impart the interesting news of the engagement of Miss Florence Crocker, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker of 946 Westmoreland place to Mr. Truman Henry Metcalf, recently of Minneapolis, Minn. A color scheme of pink was carried out in the decoration of the rooms. Tiny pink tissue paper balloons, ornamented with miniature cupids and hearts, were used in revealing the betrothal. The wedding will take place the last of June and is to be a quiet home affair. Assisting the hostesses in entertaining their guests were Mrs. L. E. Atkinson of Alhambra, Mrs. Andrew Strong of Hollywood, Miss Mildred Power, Miss Helen Updegraff, Miss Celia Davidson and Miss Grace Barker. One hundred and twenty-five guests were invited.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley of 2007 South Figueroa street passed the last week-end in San Diego, enjoying the fair. They were accom-

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panied by their daughter, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Mary Hughes and Mr. Francis Haynes Lindley.

Mrs. O. W. Churchill of South Figueroa street is visiting in San Francisco, the guest of her son, Mr. Owen Churchill. She plans to be away a month or longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander B. Barrett of Orchid avenue left a few days ago for a visit of ten days in San Francisco. While away their sister-in-law, Mrs. Stratham Barrett of Henderson, Ky., will be the house guest of Mrs. R. P. McJohnston of 7047 Franklin street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Prentiss and two little sons, Edward and Alexander, have arrived from their home in Denver and will visit the parents of Mrs. Prentiss, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Fraser, at their home in Venice. Mrs. Prentiss is well remembered as Miss Ethel Fraser and any number of delightful affairs are being planned for her entertainment while visiting in California.

Miss Louise Dodge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan S. Dodge of South Pasadena, is home from Berkeley, where she has been attending the State University. Miss Margaret Wood accompanied her and visited with Miss Dodge a few days before returning to her own home in Monrovia.

Mrs. W. H. Anderson of Venice is in San Francisco to attend the State Federation meeting. She will be joined there by her daughter, Miss Laura Anderson, who is a student at Stanford, and after seeing the exposition they will return home together.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Rector of 638 Manhattan place entertained with a yachting party last Sunday in honor of Mrs. James Owenhouse, who is passing several months in Los An-

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geles. Twenty-four guests enjoyed the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Rector, in compliment to Mrs. Owenhouse, entertained with a dinner party Wednesday evening, when eight guests were invited. Mrs. Rector plans to give a larger affair next week in honor of this visitor, who is to leave for her home in Butte, Montana, the latter part of this month.

One of the charming visitors in Los Angeles, Mrs. Charles T. Whitney, left the first of the week for her home in Portland, stopping en route in San Francisco. Mrs. Whitney was the house guest while here of Mrs. John W. Kemp and Mrs. William A. Mead.

Mrs. Otheman Stevens of West Thirtieth street sailed last Saturday on the Manchuria for the Orient. Mrs. Stevens plans to be away until early fall.

Miss Helen Sinclair who recently returned from a year passed in Colorado, will make her home for a time with her sister, Mrs. E. W. Kidder in Laurel canyon.

Mrs. Harriet A. Roach of Laurel canyon left a few days ago for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. L. F. McClellan, in Guadalupe.

Miss Lorena Whipple, who for a year and a half has been studying voice culture in Salt Lake city, has returned to her home in Los Angeles. Miss Whipple is popular with the younger set and is being given a warm welcome by her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sargent of 621 St. Paul street and Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Yoakum of 685 Westmoreland place entertained with a dancing party last evening at the Annandale country club. A color scheme of yellow and green was attractively used in decorating and about one hundred and fifty guests enjoyed the affair. Mr. and Mrs. Sargent have as house guests their son-in-law and daughter, Lieut. and Mrs. Hubbard A. Jones, of Mare Island, who will pass two or three weeks in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming of 2525 Wilshire boulevard is entertaining her house guests, Mrs. S. T. Stone and daughter, Miss Felice Lyne, of London with a motor party to San Diego this week end, leaving yesterday morning. Miss Margaret and Miss Louise Fleming, daughters of the hostess, are also members of the party. Miss Louise Fleming, younger daughter of the Flemings, whose engagement to Mr. Ernest Duque, son of the late Mr. Thomas Duque and Mrs. Duque, was announced at the holiday season, has decided upon the latter part of June for her marriage. On account of the recent bereavement in the Duque family, the wedding will be a quiet home affair and only relatives and close friends are to be invited to witness the ceremony.

Mrs. Joseph K. Clark of 903 Lake street entertained Tuesday with a crawfish luncheon, fourteen guests enjoying the delectable and exceptional affair. The decorations for the table were most unique, crawfish, crackers and steins being effectively arranged. The crawfish used by Mrs. Clark in preparing this particular table-delicacy, for which she is famed among her friends, was sent to her from Portland.

Especially delightful among the more exclusive affairs of the week was the musical tea given yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Harmon D. Ryus, at her home, 2715 Wilshire boulevard. This coterie of musical friends was invited to meet, particularly, Mr. Cecil Fanning, the poet-singer who, with Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Turpin was the guest of honor. Mr. Fanning will sing at the federation of music to be held here next month, taking Mr. David Bispham's place in a program of American song. A charming musical

program was given at this gathering of artists yesterday which was thoroughly enjoyable.

Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., of 2205 West Adams street entertained with a luncheon Monday in honor of Mrs. Marcus Daly of Montana, who has been enjoying a visit in Los Angeles with relatives and friends for the past two or three months. Spring flowers were tastefully arranged for the table centerpiece and the guests were Mrs. Marcus Daly, Mrs. J. A. Lewis, Mrs. Joseph K. Clark, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Mrs. W. W. Norris and Miss Cora Saunders. Mrs. Daly left Tuesday for her country home in Riverside, Montana.

Mrs. Gracia Maginnis Boynton of 7315 Sunset boulevard was hostess Wednesday evening, entertaining with a dinner party. The occasion was in honor of Mrs. Evelyn Fletcher Copp, well known for her admirable Fletcher method of teaching music. The rooms were exquisitely decorated in yellow and green. Beside the guest of honor those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker, Mrs. Harmon D. Ryus, Mrs. E. W. Martindale, Miss Katherine Heymann, talented pianist of London, Mr. Cecil Fanning, the poet-singer, Mr. Luther Nellis and Mr. Charles O. Makepiece. Following the dinner a delightful evening was passed with music and song.

Miss Daphne Drake and her fiance, Mr. Sayre Macneil, are to be guests of honor at two smart affairs next week. The first is a dancing party to be given for the esteemed young couple by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Connell, Tuesday evening, May 25, and Thursday evening, May 27, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason are giving a dinner dance for them.

Among the social events of the week were the Symphony concerts when brilliant audiences greeted the orchestra to hear its presentations of the Ninth symphony. Among those who entertained with box parties were Mr. and Mrs. G. Allen Hancock, Gen. M. H. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Dr. and Mrs. Shelley Tollhurst and Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning.

Mr. and Mrs. George I. Cochran have returned to their home, 2249 Harvard boulevard, after a most enjoyable visit of two weeks in San Francisco with friends.

Mrs. Harry Cecil Hargreaves and young son, Master Harry Cecil, Jr., of Oceanside are guests of Mrs. Hargreaves' grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Hughes, in St. James park. Mrs. Hargreaves has a large circle of friends in Los Angeles, as much of her girlhood was passed here with her grandmother, when she was known as Miss Daisy Landell.

Formal announcement is made by Mrs. Isabella Wilcox of the Weymouth apartments in Alvarado street of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Ruth Elizabeth Wilcox, to Mr. Lester M. Wheeler, U. S. A. Miss Wilcox has not set the date for her wedding but she plans to sail for Manila on the transport which will leave San Francisco July 5, and the wedding will take place upon her arrival at the Islands. Miss Wilcox is popular among the younger set and several affairs will be given for her before she leaves, one of which is the shower planned in her honor by Mrs. James A. Logan, Wednesday afternoon, May 26, at her home in Long Beach. Mrs. Logan will be remembered as Miss Ruth Heppe whose marriage to Mr. Logan, one of the lieutenants on the U. S. S. Cheyenne, was a brilliant event of last summer.

Of interest to local society is the announcement of the engagement of Miss Georgia Cheesman Durand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Dur-

and of West Thirty-third street, to Mr. John R. Brandon of Derby, Conn. The secret was told at a luncheon given by Mrs. C. D. Cheesman, aunt of the bride-elect, at her home, 2921 South Figueroa street. A pretty May basket idea was carried out in the decorations. Cecile Bruner roses, sweet peas with ferns and bows of tulle ribbons attractively arranged, being used. Miss Durand is a favorite in musical circles. The wedding is planned to take place early in June. Mrs. Cheesman's guests for the afternoon were Miss Durand, Mrs. David Durand, Mrs. Ralph Louis Byron, Mrs. George Cortelyou, Mrs. W. Bone, Mrs. Harry Hellyar, Mrs. T. Atwater, Mrs. Ivan Peoples, Miss Helen Tappe, Miss Helen Thresher, Miss Alice Ammerman, Miss Gertrude Cohen, Miss Bessie Chapin, Miss Catherine Moyle, Miss Emma Marmon, Miss Bertha Holby, Miss Anna Zucker and Miss Ethelyn Walker.

Mrs. Franklin Howard Nichols of 977 Menlo avenue has issued invitations for two bridge luncheons next week, the first to be Thursday, May 27, and the second Friday, May 28. About sixty guests will be entertained at each affair.

At a prettily appointed luncheon given by Mrs. Will Wilber and Miss Cora B. Withington at the home of the former, 1973 Holly Drive, Hollywood, Monday, the engagement was announced of Miss Alice W. Withington to Mr. Mark Smith of Valley City, N. D. No date has been set as yet for the wedding.

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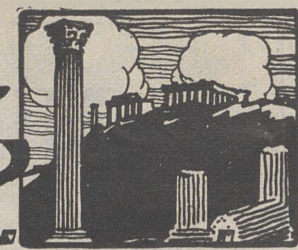
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# Art



By Beatric de Lack Krombach

**J**OSEPH GREENBAUM whose technical knowledge of painting has been gathered from his student days with Carl Marr in Munich, Humbert, Jules le Febvre, and Robert Fleury in Paris, and who was hung on the line at the Salon and received honorable mention at the Royal Academy in Munich, recently completed the portrait of the late George H. Smith, father of Mrs. Hancock Banning, reproduced on this page. Other representative portraits from his brush are those of General Harrison Gray Otis, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Wellington Rand, Mrs. T. P. Newton, Mrs. Morris Albee and a recent portrait of John Donovan, the marine painter. Of interest also is a sketch of a colored mammy who wanted to know, just as the last strokes were plied, "Is you gwan to leave dat hair blue?" A symbolic small canvass of Pam and Titania is receiving its finishing touches on Mr. Greenbaum's easel and thus we chanced upon the subject of colors and California. Here is his argument:

"Most artists on coming here see too much local brown, which although it exists does not exist in the paint. This is really a country of blue and gold. The fields and hills are yellow and orange in tone, thus making the shadows blue. Shadows are naturally colder than sunlit parts, and by force of circumstances must be either blue or purple. The east is much more 'local' in color. This country really counts in its effects of light. Nothing here remains uninfluenced by it. This element is so helpful, for under its spell the most commonplace subject may be made 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.' A more direct analysis will explain. For instance, you drive along and see absolutely nothing to paint; come back to this same place an hour or two later and you may find a dozen or more compositions waiting for you. The contrasts are vital and effective, and the changes so kaleidoscopic one must take color, not form notes. In the

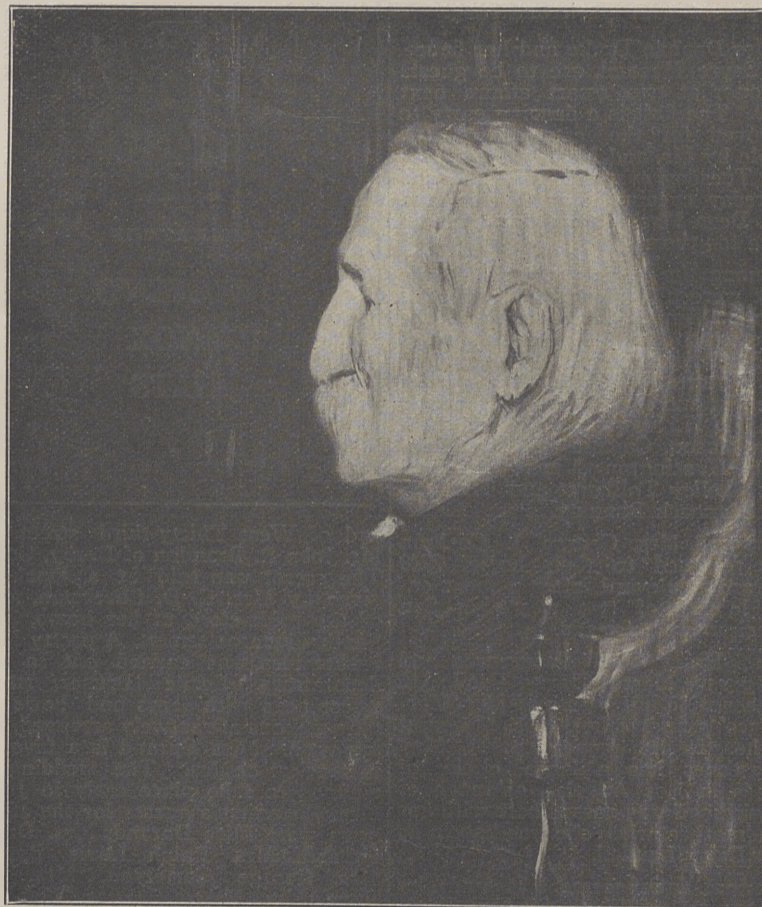
east things hold longer and the changes are not so sudden. The atmosphere does it all. Perhaps, this is because we are so near to the equator and things become more evanescent.

"The general public looks too much to subject in landscape," he remarked as I turned to comment on one of his recent conceptions, "whereas with the modern movement subject means nothing—line, color and composition everything. Such artists as Helena Dunlap, Jack Stark and Bruce Nelson apply this method in their work. This country is ideal for the modernist. Things are so vibrating that under certain conditions one can fairly see the color dance and almost observe the particles of the spectrum. Arizona, New Mexico and Southern California are the mecca for the landscapist and I believe their vital

like the former exhibitions in caliber of excellence. No note of sparkle—no canvas of great individuality! The quality of their indifference is uniform. It seems to me that effort toward gathering the best should be made and the best should be none too good—for us Westerners who are in a formative period as to art values. And then, too, think of the local men, hungry for contact with canvases which will be of suggestive value in their development. What can they gain from such an exhibit? Charles W. Hawthorne is represented by "Mother and Children" which, while interesting as a color scheme and decoration, is inanimate in vibration and one passes quickly from it. The background, a weak point with Hawthorne, is unusually good however, and the modeling has points of excellence. The working of the pigment is grimy, thus diminishing its values.

\* \* \*

Edward Dufner's "Hide and Seek" has his usual pure, broken color scheme, which though it is spotty in technic, does not lose one whit of its luminosity. One recognizes that he underlays his color with pinkish undertones which give them their brilliancy. In composition it is pleasant and good in action. It is an out-



COL. GEORGE H. SMITH. BY JOSEPH GREENBAUM

qualities have such lasting power that out of them will come the future representative American landscape. Many persons advise the artist to go to the Grand Canyon to paint. It is foolhardy, for one cannot really depict the grandeur and bigness of it all. Albert Groll, who is unquestionably one of the big men of the east, told me that he had a commission to paint a Grand Canyon scene and upon going over the ground concluded that he would not execute it, claiming that it was utterly impossible to present that wonderful spectacularity of nature and do himself justice."

\* \* \*

Contemporary art must be judged in the east if we are to judge its standard by the examples which form the exhibition selected by the American Federation of Arts now on view at Exposition Park. It is much

of-doors field bit, with young playing children. The hair of the foreground girl has a fine touch to it. Garber's "May Day" has the same tonal effect but is, if anything, more vibrating in its ethereal subtlety. The colors give one the impression of a California haze. Can they possibly be some of our own orange trees which outline the canvas to right and left? In perspective values it is also superior. A soft, delicate tone presentment is Adam Emory Albright's "Fishing in the Bay." Mr. Albright is from Chicago and delights in depicting boys and girls in sport. He apparently knows his palette colors. As a draughtsman his understanding is keen. One is reminded in the interior of Phillip L. Hale's "The Picture," of Tarbell, but how much more subtle in handling it one may realize when viewing it. Mr. Hale is an in-

## Week of May 22 to 28

American Federation of Art—canvases—Museum Art Gallery.  
Armin C. Hansen—land and seascapes—Museum Art Gallery.  
Seymour Hayden—etchings—Museum Art Gallery.  
Alfred Hutt—pochades—Kanst Art Gallery, 854 South Hill.  
Esther Mabel Crawford—desert landscapes—State Normal School.  
Students' Work—College of Fine Arts—Steckel Gallery, South Broadway.  
Esther Hunt—Chinese children—Bentz Art Shop, 213 West Fourth.  
G. W. Nicholson—eastern landscape—A. A. Byrens Gallery, 836 South Broadway.  
Color prints showing motif of decorations in House of Parliament—Raymond Gould Shop, 324 West Fifth.  
Early Spanish masters—Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe, 614 West Sixth.  
Colored prints of old masters in antique frames—Duncan Vail Co., 730-32 South Hill.  
Cordova hand-tooled leather—F. H. Taber, 414 South Spring.  
Art portraits of children in home gardens—E. Martin Webb, 706 Majestic Theater Building.  
Henry Wolf—wood engravings—O'Hara & Livermore, 253 East Colorado, Pasadena.  
Rookwood Pottery—Mabel Watson Studio, 249 East Colorado, Pasadena.

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structor at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the son of the late Edward Everett Hale. His wife is also an artist who paints figures which are wonderful color expressions. Mr. Hale is represented with ten canvases in the Fine Arts Building at San Francisco. The foreground note of color in this canvas gives it individuality of a quiet kind. The picture frame to the right of the canvas might have been omitted without losing any value to the composition.

One is accustomed to virility in the work of Frederick C. Waugh. His "Headland" is most beautiful in color and subtle in values of light and shade, but it is a tame presentation of shore end. The modeling is exquisite and the middle distance swish flows into harmonious shadows. Few know that Mr. Waugh is self taught and gathered his knowledge of painting from the open sea itself. "Snow Dumpers," by George Bellows has lots of action, but is the poorest drawing I have seen by this most capable draughtsman. That poor white horse—perhaps an earthquake struck those buildings of the background—and what awful, ugly color! I did not know William M. Chase had gone in for painting pot boilers. Surely his "Fish" must be classed as such though there is a masterful touch to the head and a few inches of tail reposing in a Japanese red bowl. What definite contrast one notes in the Jonas Lie canvases which hang directly opposite each other! A mile or so of East River front is his "From the Bridge." A difficult composition to interpret to be sure, but what has all that spectacular color to do with it? His "Witches Pool" must blush to claim ownership from the same hand.

Robert Henri's exhibition of last winter has prepared us for high demands from this artist. Structurally, his "Little Irish Girl" is all right, but otherwise it is too indefinite and too hurriedly executed. The Muratta color scheme is at a disadvantage in this canvas whose portrait qualities appear good. Robert Spencer, who took prizes at the Spring Academy Show and who presents himself to us for the first time, exhibits quality in his "Silk Mill." It must be one of the many establishments in Paterson, New Jersey. It is good atmospherically and the color values are even and luminous, while the modeling is mosaic in effect. For portrait values I can recommend Carl J. Nordell's "The Green Book." The highlight on the nose is interesting, but the handling of flesh and pigment is a trifle too taut. "Tu-e-na, Indian Chief" has ethnological value, but does not exhibit the usual quality of Irving Couse's work.

Of the remaining landscapes Colin Campbell Cooper's "Lautenberg" shows strong evidences of the German school and is fine architecturally though poor in color values. Charles Warren Eaton's "Among the Dunes" is a symphony in gray and green. It is early morning or may be late evening, but as a composition is it too monotonous. One knows Paul Cornoyer from his views across park areas and likes him that way. His "Grand Canal, Venice," is good architecturally, but fails otherwise as a high-class canvas. Last year we had a Christmas card presentment from John W. Alexander and this time Frank K. M. Rehn, Jr., has performed the same extravagance. Frank A. Bicknell's Autumn Landscape is commonplace; Birge Harrison's is an ancient relic as is also that of George H. Shurtleff; George Smillie's has good atmospheric qualities, but is commonplace, and Willis M. Sartain's small and insignificant. Charles C. Voorhees' "The White Oak" belongs in a like category.

Hanging on the west wall in the same gallery and showing to far greater advantage may be seen the eighteen

canvases by Armin C. Hansen of San Francisco. Mr. Hansen paints virilely and understandingly. His pigment vibrates luminosity in a strong vein. Here is his theory: "When one keeps to pure strong color it is always luminous. Trying to get light is not in white, but in pure, strong color. One must study the colors which compose tones. Some artists create a tone with all spots, whereas others spot, but they will be all invisible. That is because they pull them together into a fine tone." Mr. Hansen's canvases are highly decorative, they have brightness and good values of color, though it is a little heavy here and there. This one notes in his "Still Life" which is a fine composition, all but this thickness of color. For strength and directness in handling his "Whaleboatmen" must be recommended. There is excellent drawing of structural lines, but the value of the planes in modeling may be questioned. However, taken in the altogether the scene which depicts Oakland Harbor with whaling boats in the background and the whalers in the act of boarding the ships which are fitting out for the north now that spring has come, is a fine interpretation. Next in importance is his "The Old Farm" now the first field hospital in Belgium. It is situated along the River Yser. The atmosphere is full of rain and yet the colors are luminous. It is painted in the typical low key of that country which never really dries. An almost nocturne in tone is "Off for the Night Catch." It has fine subtle feeling and is understandingly handled. A gem both as to color and execution is "North Sea Shrimping Cutters." Boats are seen going out to sea. Day and night they are shrimping fishing in these parts. It is in the North Sea near Ostend and much sand beneath the water gives it that yellow quality. The sky is Dutch atmospherically and the beautiful tones of the masts are a keynote. These masts are dipped in oil and mixed with mahogany stain, thus making them rich in tone and sea air proof. The small sketch taken from the boxes of the grand stand at the Rodeo in Salinas, Monterey County, is a fine bit. Its "local color" and pigment presentation are unusually interesting.

\* \* \*

Mr. Hansen is a native of San Francisco and began his art studies in that city. After three years he went abroad and passed two years at The Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Stuttgart where Professor Carlos Grethe, the well known figure and portrait painter, was his instructor. Going from there to Munich and Paris he finally located in Nieuport, Belgium, which is a fishing village. For five years he painted the fisherfolk and their environs and also made studies of trawlers and whaling folk. His canvases were shown with the International Exhibition of Fine Arts in 1910 and he was given a cash reward and made a member of the Society Royale des Beaux Arts of Brussels. In 1912 he returned here and exhibited at the Chicago Art Institute and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and is at present represented by two canvases at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Since his return Mr. Hansen has been painting out Monterey way. His canvases remain on exhibition until June 1.

\* \* \*

Judged as an ensemble, the showing of the students' work of the College of Fine Arts at the Steckel gallery on South Broadway which opened Monday last, is most encouraging for it promises additions to our local art colony whose work will be of genuine worth. The canvas and water color expressions show particular values. One by Marian Leaver, who exhibits six large and two small pictures and is a student in her fourth year, is a watercolor study of a rose



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## COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS

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bowl and Cherokees. Both in handling and color it is individual. Rose Michod's study of carrots in oil, has also fine color qualities, though the drawing and modeling is poor. Jessie Layne, who is in her last year at the school, exhibits water colors of the "San Gabriel Mission" and "Eucalypti," also a marine along the rocky coast at Point Firmin. Marion Clark's "Grapes" are fine as a still life, and Paul Sprunk, in his second year, has excellent planes of value in his nudes. The man is posed with grace and is modeled in admirable flesh values. The chest lines, however, are not definite enough. In the female the lower part of the body is out of drawing. Frances Schumaker works well in oils and presents texture with dexterity. In the modeled subjects Madelaine Foucaux has a "Puritan Girl" which has fine plastic lines and is good in action. Vivian Orban's casts have a like development and promise much for the future. The metal work, especially the desk set of Frances Schumaker, is representative of most finished work.

Esther Mabel Crawford's exhibit of desert landscapes as it was shown at the Royar Gallery for the last three weeks, has been transferred to the state normal school art gallery and will remain there until June 24. About June 14 it is planned to exhibit the work of the students of the art departments of the school. Examples of drawing, painting, costume designing, outdoor sketching, composition and design, interior decorations, art-craft and illustration will be part of this exhibition. During Miss Crawford's exhibition the gallery will not be open Saturdays, but other days from 9 to 4:30.

\* \* \*

Hamilton A. Wolf was the lecturer at the Ruskin Art Club last Wednesday morning. He spoke of "Symbolism in Art."

\* \* \*

Alfred Hutty's pochades on view at the Kanst Gallery on South Hill street are well worth a special trip to that establishment. There are ten winter scenes from the environs of Woodstock, Long Island and ten landscapes.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

In the Matter of the Application of Anton Fred Resek for Change of Name.

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

Good cause appearing therefor, it is hereby ordered, adjudged and decreed that Anton Fred Resek has filed herein his application for change of his name to Fred Anton Clarke and it is further ordered that all persons interested in the matter of said application do appear before this court on the 4th day of June, 1915, at Ten O'clock A. M. of said date at the court room of Department 10 of the above entitled court at the court house in the city of Los

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Angeles, to show cause, if any they have, why the application of said Anton Fred Resek for change of his name should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for at least four successive weeks in The Graphic, a newspaper of general circulation in the said County of Los Angeles.

JOHN M. YORK,  
Judge.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.  
Non-Coal 013749  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, April 24, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that John I. Trogon, of El Venado, Santa Monica, California, who, on August 25, 1911, made homestead entry No. 013749, for NE¼, SE¼, Sec. 23, N¼ SW¼, SE¼ SW¼, Section 24, Township 1 S., Range 13 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m., on the 4th day of June, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: William D. Newell, James Harris, Charles Johnson, all of El Venado, California; Mattie Klipper, of 827 Castelar St., Los Angeles, Cal.

JOHN D. ROCHE,  
Register.

# Books

Of great interest to the many who will enter the Yosemite valley this summer is a new book on this wonderland and its attendant mountains by John H. Williams, author of "The Mountain That Was God" and other books of the northwest. It is a book of maps and travel-guides, of explanations and historical data which one should take with him and read in the valley. Eight reproductions of oils by Mr. Chris Jorgensen, one of California's most successful painters of mountains prove that this stupendous subject may be treated in a simple and appropriate way on canvass and with more than one hundred excellent photographs they give to those unfortunates who have not seen the high sierra as full an idea of its beauty as can be conveyed by the printed page.

In delightful English, unusual in so scientific a guide-book, the author introduces his readers to the whole Yosemite national park and shows them "an absorbing record of the making of great scenery." Habitual visitors to Europe's fashionable inns on third rate hills will find this work a reducing scale with which to adapt the sublimity and majesty of form to eyes and taste grown weak among more sylvan beauties. Statistics are given where wanted, as is a key to glacial hieroglyphics. Information about Hetch-Hetchy, made recently so prominent throughout the nation by its efforts to supply San Francisco with water in life-giving quantity, makes the book additionally interesting to easterners who may have tired of alligator farms and ostriches. The beauty of the ice-swept heights, of pine trees scaling the ridges and of brilliant mountain flowers crowding the canyons and following the retreat of the snow are depicted by one who has seen many lands and loves these mountains best. "If Yosemite were of Greece how inevitably legend, seeking the clue to such perfection of beauty, must have peopled it with gods."

Of the Indians who made their retreat in this mysterious valley, of the pathfinder, Walker, in this Alta California, of Tenaya and his Grizzly Bear of "Yosemite" tribe the author gives but a passing sketch. Rather, he shows us the Sierra Club ascending steep trails or lunching under giant sequoias. For here is California's compensation for the lack of winter sports, here the fairies live in the evening primrose "opening for a single night of fragrant revelry," and here is California's everlasting Hall of Fame where memorials to such as Joseph LeConte and John Muir give visible evidence of a tribute embodied forever in the literature of the state.

Mr. Williams is loyal in his discussion of the Hetch Hetchy lake project, but the book as a whole showing the tremendous extent and variety of our inheritance of mountains and upland valleys confirms one in the thought that California will not be the loser if her greatest treasure is shared with the tread-mill city dwellers as well as with the sturdy climber to the mountain fastnesses. The Sierra Club which enjoys its camp on its own reservation in Tolumne meadows for a month every season has done much to spread the peace

of its mountain message throughout the business life of the state and well merits the dedication given it.

("Yosemite and Its High Sierras.")  
By John H. Williams.—(Bullock's.)  
M. U. S.

## "The Honey Bee"

Samuel Merwin always writes entertainingly and "The Honey Bee" is no exception. It is an interesting and unusual story charmingly written. The characters are depicted with a certain repression that shows Mr. Merwin to be a writer of tact and of taste. Episodes that might have been brutal and vulgar are presented with a lightness of touch that is most pleasing. The fight between Carpentier and Moran is well done, even if it is a trifle too long. It loses none of the virility that one expects in a description of a prize-fight, but, fortunately, it is totally lacking in that nauseating brutality so dear to Jack London's heart. Hilda Wilson is the most attractive wage-earner met with in fiction for a long time. She is big-minded, big-hearted, and big-souled. The environment into which she is drawn is a bit improbable, but owing to Mr. Merwin's skill, it seems plausible. The concluding chapter of the book is particularly well done and the only logical ending of the story. It is a novel well worth reading, and well worth an after-thought when the book is finished, rightfully placing Mr. Merwin among the cleverest group of American writers of fiction. ("The Honey Bee." By Samuel Merwin. Bobbs-Merrill Co. Bullock's.)

## "Return of Tarzan"

When a fiction writer suffers from an ingrowing imagination, there is no telling to what lengths his characters may go in their adventures. For instance, in "The Return of Tarzan" by Edgar R. Burroughs, he has conceived a white child in Africa, brought up by apes, learning their language. Later, as a young man, he goes to Europe and America, takes on the polish of civilization; but in the course of a set of "thrilling" adventures, is cast on the African coast again, at the spot where he started. Again he has recourse to his monkey friends and lapses to animalism. Then the story switches, he discovers a hidden city full of gold, becomes king of an African tribe, has his subjects bear off enough to make him a millionaire—when his American friends put in an appearance and carry him away with the girl he loves. All the story lacks is a yellow cover and a ten cent price mark. ("The Return of Tarzan." By Edgar R. Burroughs. A. C. McClurg & Co. Bullock's.)

Brander Matthews writes about "The Rise and Fall of Negro-Minstrelsy" in the June Scribner. It will be only a memory in a few years, apparently. The days of Birch, Wambold, and Backus, of such organizations as the old San Francisco Minstrels, are no more, and even the famous Mastodons are almost forgotten. Was it Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home" or, maybe, "My Old Kentucky Home" that Thackeray referred to in the following? "I heard a humorous balladist not long ago," the novelist recorded, "a minstrel with wool on his head and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in a most unexpected manner."

# The European War of 1914

## Its Causes, Purposes and Probable Results

By John William Burgess, Ph. D., J. U. D., LL. D.

Writing as an American for Americans, and from the standpoint of American interests only, Professor Burgess considers the present Anti-German sentiment in the United States unreasonable and un-American.

He places the responsibility for the war on Great Britain, this being the logical construction of Sir Edward Grey's actions preliminary to the outbreak of the struggle. The British Government is a despotism, he contends, and compares unfavorably with the German System, the latter being not only more efficient, but more genuinely democratic. Every true American interest, he asserts, requires the maintenance of the German Empire in its present organization and power in Middle Europe.

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## Well Known Figures of Los Angeles

(Continued from Page Seven)

moved to Illinois in 1856 and settled in Dekalb county, not many miles from where my own people settled twenty years later. The doctor's older brother, Edward, went to the war and sacrificed his life in an effort to preserve the union. From a student in the district school Norman rose to be a teacher, but in his twenty-first year he began the study of medicine at the University of Michigan and later at Northwestern where he was graduated M. D. in 1868, and a year later received his A. M. from Lake Forest College. Early in 1874 he was elected a member of the faculty of Rush Medical College of the University of Chicago, in which he is now emeritus professor of medicine. For twenty years he was an attending physician in Cook county hospital and in the Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago. His presence on the faculty of Rush was productive of great good to the profession in that the doctor was an earnest advocate of higher standards of admission, more thorough courses, more laboratory work and a university affiliation, all of which he helped to accomplish.

When I first knew of Dr. Bridge he was a member of the board of education in Chicago, in the early '80's, when I was a youngster in newspaper work. Later, he served as Republican election commissioner. At the end of his term of office (1886-1890) his health was impaired and he moved to the coast, settling first at Sierra Madre, then at Pasadena, and later in Los Angeles. Two years ago I

strongly urged that he be selected as the candidate of the Republican party for governor. The suggestion was cordially received by a number of reputable editors but the doctor, realizing the strain of a political campaign, wisely declined to consider the tentative honor. He and Mrs. Bridge, to whom he was married in 1874, have traveled much abroad and in this country. She is a charming hostess and a helpmate to her accomplished husband in every sense of the world. Their only child died in infancy.

Dr. Bridge has two offices in Los Angeles. In the forenoon, he jokingly declares, he is a man of affairs. In the afternoon a man of science. His business side is in his association with Mr. E. L. Doherty and with the late Charles A. Canfield in the oil business. He is director and secretary-treasurer of several of the large companies operating in Mexico and California, notably the Mexican Petroleum Company and the Huasteca Petroleum Company. Probably, no American, not an actual resident of Mexico, has kept better informed on Mexican politics in the last ten years than Dr. Bridge. He deplores the internecine warfare, having staunch friends in every camp and hopes for a speedy settlement of the troubles. If the constitution of Mexico would only permit, what a capital president he would make of that bedeviled republic! S. T. C.

Marie Corelli started upon her active life with the expectation of being a singer and a musician, and she still passes much time at her harp and her piano.

# Ninth Symphony In Los Angeles

By W. F. Gates

AT last Los Angeles has had a chance to hear that "Heavenly Twins" of music, the Beethoven "Ninth" symphony. As to that phrase "Heavenly Twins." Even Beethoven felt that he was bringing some sort of a twin to birth and he didn't know just what kind of a cartilage to connect them with—until he bethought himself of a baritone recitative. Toward the close of the instrumental portion of the work it is true a bit of the theme later treated by the voices is heard; but as a matter of fact each portion of the symphony, the instrumental and the vocal could be heard as a separate work with satisfaction. Los Angeles has no criterion by which to judge the performance. The work never has been given west of the Mississippi river, I believe, until this time. Those of us who have participated in performances of it, did so in the vague and misty past, possibly "when all the world was young, my lad" and the intervening decades always leave us with that senile feeling of the perfection of "what was," as opposed to the faults of "what is." So it is not well to make comparisons. It is not well to criticize tempos—unless one be one of those walking metronomes, more rare than the peripatetic tuning fork. What Mr. Hertz, for instance, would have done with the tempos, attack and shadings is another matter—and Mr. Hertz is saying nothing. Certainly he would not have used the Createore-like style of gesture and posture which Mr. Tandler has fallen into so much, of late, and which—though he has no warmer an admirer than the writer—is proving detrimental to the dignity of his work.

This symphony is a huge lesson in rhythm. Beethoven has taken the simplest possible melodic figures—the empty fifth and the descending octave—and on them built the first two movements. These minimized bits of melody are developed in masterly style and the themes appear from flute to kettledrum, developed and blended in a manner that only Beethoven in his time could accomplish. But there have been several other composers since Beethoven's day and orchestral writers who had a broader grasp of the orchestra. Coming to the choral section of the symphony, a great deal is said when we remember Beethoven's remark, "When an idea occurs to me I always hear it in some instrument or other—never in the voice." His bass is a bassoon; his tenor is a cello; his contralto a viola; his soprano, flute or violin, anything but a vox humana. And so the singers may labor and perspire to meet the demands made on them and still the results hardly can be made pleasing in the choral parts of this work; the singers are not so blamable as is the composer. Be that as it may, the Lyric and Ellis cohorts gave a noble account of their sacrifices for art's sake in the performances of this week. Another thing that has assisted the "unvocality" of this symphony is the fact that

since Beethoven wrote it the pitch has risen a number of vibrations, almost half-a-step from the composer's time to the modern concert pitch. This, of course, makes the choristers' work the harder.

It must be said that Beethoven was a great experimentalist. Every man who is ahead of his time, who tries the new road, must be willing to venture. The Ninth symphony was one of these experiments. The successful ones are always followed by imitators. Was this one? Only in a few less extensive attempts. The sketches for Beethoven's tenth symphony show that he had discarded voices and returned to his first love, the purely instrumental. Schumann, Brahms, Bruckner, Tchaikowsky, Dvorak—none of these has attempted to blend the chorus with the orchestra in the symphonic form. Hence, can we say that this huge experiment was a success?

Such presentations as those at the Auditorium Monday and Tuesday were highly creditable to the performers. While the Ellis Club and the Lyric Club are composed of experienced singers, these two bodies have not sung together more than once or twice in the last decade—the only occasion I remember was, I believe, at the time of the San Francisco earthquake benefits. Moreover, for this concert, the rehearsals of the combined clubs were few in number and those with the orchestra were less. From the orchestra, more could be expected as it has been in rehearsal under Mr. Tandler for two seasons. But even then, the Ninth symphony is a work to try the metal of any body of players. As Beethoven has no mercy on singers, so he has none on his orchestra, but at times expects the almost impracticable. But an experienced player, when he comes to one of these places will not play a wrong note—he simply will forget to play any, thus escaping cacophony, even though the full effect is not attained.

No one can realize the ungratefulness of the vocal parts—most of the solo work and quite a good deal of the chorus—without an examination of the score. It had been many years since the writer sang in this same music; but following this performance with a full score in hand brought vividly its difficulties to mind. And the more one knows of the requirements the more one will give credit to singers who came through so successfully as did Mrs. Robt. Smith, Mrs. L. J. Selby, Roland Paul and Clifford Lott. While the most melodic work is assigned to the baritone, fully as much praise is to be given the others as to Mr. Lott. Probably, no better selection of singers for this work could have been made in Los Angeles; for besides large voice equipment the score demands large brain requirement. Their work deserved every bit of the appreciation given it; that it was not more enjoyable melodically must be laid at Beethoven's door.

It is easy to pile up saccharine adjectives when one attempts to write of a work and a performance such as this of the Ninth symphony. The "shimmering atmosphere" of the violins, the "heart throbs" of the clarinets, the "murmurs" of the violas and a hundred other pretty phrases come into play on such an occasion. On the other hand it is equally easy to find fault, to declare the tempo at this spot was not just right, was misplaced, the accents of the drums unauthorized—who is going to say you nay? The layman supposes you know all about it or you wouldn't write thus and thus; the conductor—and he knows more about it than any one else, unless it be a better conductor—doesn't take the trouble to contradict you. So there you are—a reputation as a critic. The present writer will try to steer between this Scylla and Charybdis and simply say that this great symphony was given a good, honest performance, one not to be put on a par with the fourteen that have been given of the work by the Boston orchestra since 1882, perhaps, but one which was a credit to the promoters and the participants. It is the endeavor that counts; and that Los Angeles has the forces, the desire and the energy to produce such a work and the large audiences that turned out to hear it—those are the main things. Perfection will come later. And so I vote a "Hoch" for "Herr" Tandler and a hurrah for our orchestra and chorus.

What could be placed on a program with the Ninth symphony that would not seem trivial by comparison? Answer: only a few of the greater orchestra works, preferably one of Beethoven. The Egmont overture, possibly the "little" symphony, the Eighth, or one of the Leonore-Fidelio overtures. And so Mr. Tandler chose the "Leonore" overture No. 3, one of the most dramatic and dignified works of the repertoire. And this gave the prelude to the monumental "Ninth." And it was played with precision and finish, better possibly than portions of the latter work.

Including the rehearsal Sunday afternoon, it is estimated that about ten thousand persons heard this symphony. Almost every seat was taken for the two concerts, showing the enterprise of the publicity department of the symphony organization. To Mr. Tandler belongs much of the praise for the performance. Only a conductor with enterprise, with ideals, with great musical knowledge and ability, enjoying equal confidence from his orchestra, his chorus and the public, could bring about such a performance. And to him the audiences were generous in their applause, as well as to Mr. Paulin, who drilled the chorus. At the close of the Tuesday evening concert a half dozen speeches were made by the director, distributing souvenirs to the leading participants, to the number of possibly a score. While, perhaps, it had a foreign smack, it was done with so much simplicity that criticism halts.

## Music and Musicians

There was a red-letter day in last week for a few singers—just a few. For others the color was blue. Henry Russell was the cause of it all. He was here in the interest of his new project, the International Academy of Music; Mr. Russell had announced his willingness to hear Los Angeles aspirants for vocal fame who to the number of about a hundred announced their willingness to be heard. And so Russell paced the aisles of Trinity Auditorium while the singers paced the stage. Long girls, short girls, tall men, fat men, young men and not so young women all were there having brought their music rolls—and their voices. The work of part of them was recognized as singing; the work of others was not. But of the hundred there was a score that would be a credit to any city or any conservatory; and out of these twenty emerged three that had the approbation of the operatic impresario seconded by that of Felice Lyne, the Hammerstein prima donna of London and round-the-world fame. One of this trio of accepted voices is that of Minnie Gazzola Love, of San Bernardino, who has a delightful coloratura soprano voice. The second is Jeanette Colwell, living near Exposition Park, and who has an excellent voice. The third is a mere man, the only one

to brave the musical judiciary. Aubrey Burns has a rich, vibrant baritone, which if it have the right opportunity and the right perseverance back of it will make itself known.

William E. McKee is becoming quite an impresario. Under his management several concerts have been given at which his daughter Margaret is a leading feature, with her wonderfully beautiful whistling. The last of these was at Trinity Auditorium last Sunday afternoon, at which Miss McKee was assisted by Arthur Blakeley, organist, Bernardine Whalen, petite and charming violinist, Bertha Wilcox, dramatic reader, Constance L. McDermott, player of an extra large harp and Grace Adams, cornetist. These concerts with varied and popular programs and pay-what-you-please-but-please-make-it - silver are proving very popular and draw large audiences.

## Fanning's Fine Musical Record

Cecil Fanning, who is to replace David Bispham as the baritone singer of the prize composition, "Desolate City," a dramatic scene by Mabel W. Daniels of Boston, during the Federation of Music week June 30, was for two seasons a favorite of the English concert stage. He sang there in the provinces and in London at Queen's,

Bechstein's and Aeolian Halls, and gave private programmes with Cas-



Cecil Fanning

sels, the well known 'celloist at the homes of Clarence Mackey's mother and Mrs. Willy James, a favorite of the late King Edward's. In Berlin he gave public concerts and also in Florence and Rome. In New York City he appeared on seven occasions with the Rubenstein Club, an unusual honor, and in joint recitals with Geraldine Ferrar, Alma Gluck and Anna Case at the Plaza Hotel in the Chanson on Crinoline arranged by Mrs. R. W. Hawkesworth. In Newport he sang at Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s and helped dedicate the handsome new home of Commodore Jones. Mr. Fanning was musically educated by Harry Brown Turpin, the well known singer, who has coached him for the last fourteen years, eight of which they have passed in concertizing together. The second week in July Mr. Fanning is to be signally honored by a "Fanning Day" in the Ohio Building at the Panama-Pacific. He is to appear in a miscellaneous programme and a bust of himself, the work of M. E. Cook of Ohio, his home state, will be unveiled. Mr. Fanning will be the soloist at the last concert of the Woman's Lyric Club to be given at Trinity Auditorium June 18.

Rowena Holtzman is a sixteen-year old girl with a phenomenally low and large contralto voice, the pupil of R. T. Roberts.

# Stocks & Bonds

One could not possibly term the stock market flourishing this week. Trading, when it assumed any approach even to fair proportions, was confined to one or two specialties like Union or Los Angeles Investment. Changes were hardly of a noteworthy character in any instance.

Bonds have not been altogether neglected on the exchange, however. A few Producers Transportation fives at 92 3/4 and Union Oil fives at 86 have changed hands. Bank stocks and most of the mining issues have remained in the background.

Union Oil has moved between \$57 and \$57.62 1/2 to this writing; it is a bit firmer, as a net result, than at the end of last week. Producers Transportation is slightly stronger, but is dull from a trading standpoint.

Rice Ranch Oil company has raised its monthly dividend to 1 1/2 per cent. This will mean a disbursement of \$4,500 instead of \$3,000 as heretofore. Improvements at the company's property which have increased its income made possible the decision of the directors to pay at the higher rate.

Scattered deals on and off board in Home Telephone securities have been reported. The preferred stock was dealt in at \$31 and \$32, and the common at \$11.

Low-priced oils which have attracted attention are National Pacific, United and Enos. The last named which is rarely traded in, sold generally at 2 3/8 cents this week. United has varied only slightly from last week. National Pacific is at 2 cents.

Los Angeles Investment is easier, sales having been made at 40 cents.

Merger of the various independent oil companies of the state absorbed the interest of the members of the Independent Oil Producers' Agency at that organization's annual meeting in Bakersfield. It was stated that \$25,000,000 was ready to finance such a project, but nothing was said as to where the money is to come from. The merger in question would contemplate taking in the Union Oil Company and other agency members, as well as the General Petroleum and Doheny California companies. The talk about the Associated entering the amalgamation can be set down as largely "in the air."

## Banks and Banking

With an increase in aggregate reserve of \$10,157,000 and a contraction in loans of \$16,795,000, as compared with a week ago, the report of the New York Clearing-house Association shows that the reserve above legal requirements amounts to \$10,847,390, making the total surplus \$173,241,000. There is one feature in the present financial situation that is worthy of consideration. National banks at the leading centers, especially New York, reflect the piling up of deposits and cash balances in a way that indicates that they are becoming burdensome, despite the fact that the banks in dealing with the reserves released by the federal reserve act thus far have acted with conservatism. The danger is and has been that these accumulations will result in a wild speculative boom that ultimately might prove disastrous. The Lusitania disaster and the international crisis that has resulted from it have served to check or deter that

possibility for the time being. Should this crisis be passed satisfactorily, the danger is in the public's again taking the bit in its teeth and plunging ahead in the speculative movement of dangerous proportions. Interior banks continue to keep the greater part of their balances permitted by law in the national banks of Chicago and New York City, and probably will continue that way so long as interest is paid upon them. This is the weak point of our banking system, and it is worthy of mention that several of the larger banks are attempting to check this by limiting the rate of interest paid on excessive balances and in this way discouraging further accumulation.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK

Friday, May 14

WAR NEWS: Wilson's note to Germany \*\*\* The battle in Flanders \*\*\* The Russian retreat \*\*\* Continuation of rioting in England and colonies \*\*\* Resignation of the Italian cabinet.

GENERAL: Rockefeller wins victory in United States court when he secured an injunction to restrain the collection of taxes in Ohio \*\*\* William Barnes denies all testimony given by Roosevelt \*\*\* President plans vacation aboard yacht Mayflower \*\*\* Ruling of federal reserve board state banks will be allowed membership in the new system \*\*\* Mexicans plan to secure declaration that Lower California shall be a neutral zone \*\*\* Two Mexicans executed for trying to wreck biplane belonging to Carranza.

Saturday, May 15

WAR NEWS: The battle near Ypres \*\*\* Russian retreat in Galicia causes Russians to withdraw to Poland \*\*\* King of Italy declines to accept Salandra's resignation \*\*\* Internment of aliens in England.

GENERAL: Gov. Hunt of Arizona denounces impending five executions there as legalized murder \*\*\* Harry K. Thaw to be allowed trial by jury to determine his sanity \*\*\* Secretary Daniels lets first contract for dirigible balloon \*\*\* Three Americans reported dead as result of Yaqui Indians' attack in Sonora \*\*\* U. S. Cruiser New Orleans on way to Guaymas where it is possible men may land to look after Americans.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Sebastian and Mrs. Pratt exonerated \*\*\* Envoy of Ambassador Gerard said Germany will yield many points to avoid war with us \*\*\* Fire in Tehachapi severed Southern Pacific and Santa Fe roads between here and the San Joaquin Valley \*\*\* County officials meet tonight to organize unique co-operative organization \*\*\* Southern California to have avocado day \*\*\* Long Beach property owners bitterly accuse councilmen \*\*\* Extra session of California Legislature may be called in January \*\*\* Mrs. Florence Haines of Los Angeles elected president Daughters of Veterans \*\*\*

Sunday, May 16

WAR NEWS: Wilson's note to Berlin reaches its destination \*\*\*

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## Paving Contractors

Germans torpedo Danish steamer \*\*\* Portuguese insurrection crushed by authorities \*\*\* Austrians at gates of Premysl.

GENERAL: America said to be infested with spies of foreign countries \*\*\* Consul Frost at Queens-town reports to Washington that bodies are expected to come ashore due to storm in Ireland \*\*\* U. S. Army officer injured at polo in Honolulu may die \*\*\* Cruisers New Orleans and Raleigh on the west coast of Mexico, may land marines today to protect Americans from Yaquis \*\*\* Villa and Carranza troops are reported on the verge of another battle in vicinity of Irapuato.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Ten thousand children to take part in great pageant in June \*\*\* Public works board issues warning that "weed squad" is abroad \*\*\* \$250,000 additional for fighting the white plague places county hospital in first rank.

Monday, May 17

WAR NEWS: Allies on the western war front in Belgium report further successes over the Germans \*\*\* Raids by Zeppelins in Ramsgate \*\*\* To restore republic in Lisbon.

GENERAL: President Wilson on way to review Atlantic Fleet in East River \*\*\* Reports say Transylvania has taken course contrary to that of Lusitania \*\*\* Feeling of greater security prevails in Washington since Wilson's note has been presented \*\*\* Germans inclined to be more conciliatory \*\*\* U. S. marines to aid Americans in Sonora.

Tuesday, May 18

WAR NEWS: Victories in the West for Allies \*\*\* Continuation of the Austrian-German drive of the Russians \*\*\* Fighting resumed in Portuguese republic.

GENERAL: Andrew Carnegie declares he is being taxed too high in New York \*\*\* Report on Pribilof seal situation made public in Washington \*\*\* Immediate fear for Americans in the Yaqui Valley relieved \*\*\* More marines ordered from San Francisco to San Diego for transshipment to Mexico \*\*\* Isle of Pines seeks annexation to United States \*\*\* Sister of Japanese Emperor married.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Will of late Albert C. Blicke, Lusitania victim, filed \*\*\* Estate said to be from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 \*\*\* Merchants and Manufacturers' Association formally opposes measured telephone service and proposes a tax on business vehicles \*\*\* Charges against Chief Sebastian dismissed and contempt proceedings involving his attorney begun \*\*\* Calabasas homestead lands sold without gunplay.

Wednesday, May 19

WAR NEWS: Forecast is that Germany will stand "pat" in response to note \*\*\* War deemed inevitable in Italy \*\*\* Austria makes concessions \*\*\* Coalition government predicted in England \*\*\* Rain delays operations in Flanders \*\*\* Fierce battle in progress in Galicia.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS  
Estate of Margaret Cowper, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Hilda C. Montgomery and Ethel Mildred Wheeler, Executrices of the Estate of Margaret Cowper, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrices at Suite

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HILDA C. MONTGOMERY,  
ETHEL MILDRED WHEELER,  
John Beardsley,  
Attorney for Executrices.

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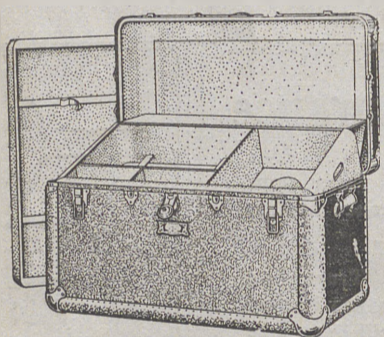
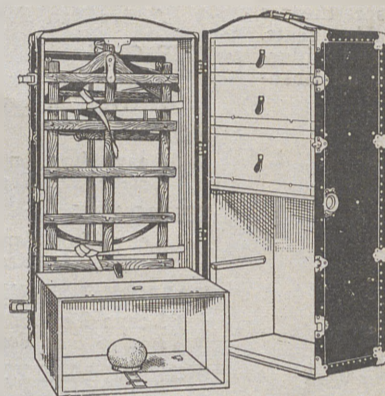
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